JUN 17 1986
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy

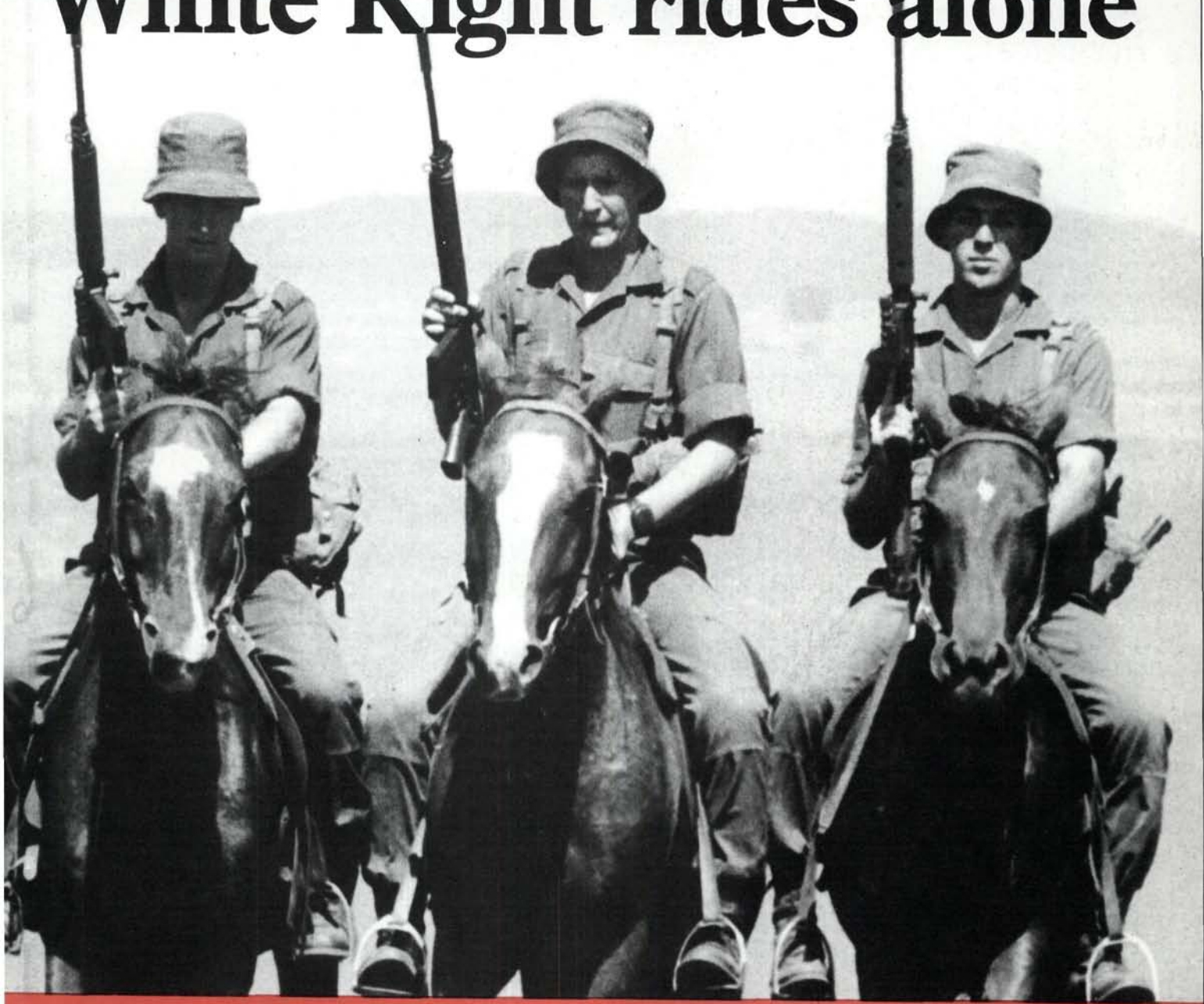
New Statesman

30 May 1986 90p IR£1.34 US$1.50 By Air

DUNCAN CAMPBELL:
US evacuation plans

SOUTH AFRICA

White Right rides alone

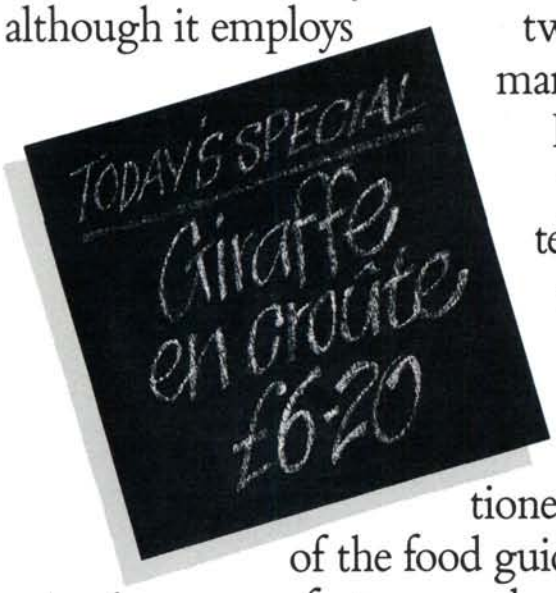


JANICE RAYMOND: Women's need to confess
JON SAVAGE: Riot 'n' race 'n' rock 'n' roll
MOYRA GRANT: Who's afraid of teaching politics?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD'S MOST PRIVATE RESTAURANT

Is the old Artichoke and Pig's Ear Inn on the shores of Lake Windermere. It seats only twelve people, although it employs twice that many chefs. It has an unlisted telephone number and it is not mentioned in any of the food guides. The extensive menu features such rare and exotic gastronomic treats as scrambled albatross eggs with smoked barracuda, sweet and sour Gerbil, and bread-and-butter pudding with wild Paraguayan gooseberry sauce. Every Sunday, the restaurant serves a traditional family lunch of whole roast Llama stuffed with humming-birds, followed by spotted dick in flaming mango brandy. No credit cards are accepted, and anyone flashing a gold card around is asked to leave immediately. The cellar is extensive, having been personally selected by Gustav, the barman at the Belladonna Club, and contains several fine bottles of Icelandic Riesling. The only cider to feature on the list is Merrydown Vintage. This cider is produced in limited quantities each year by a unique blending process, and each bottle bears the date of the vintage on its label. The apples used in the fermentation are all fine English apples like Bramleys and Cox's, rather than the bitter little cider apples used in those brands which appeal to the less refined palate of the mass public. It is available in two subtly differing varieties; Merrydown Vintage and Merrydown Vintage Dry. Should you find an establishment which serves either, prevail upon them to open a bottle for you. It goes down remarkably well with fish and chips.



Merrydown. Cider for the few.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Cover photo: Rex Features

White Right rides alone
The sudden rise of the far Right has shattered Afrikaner unity, reports CHRISTOPHER WILSON 17

HOME

Clive Ponting: How do we demilitarise public spending? 10
Ian Williams: What a way to run a railroad 11
Moyra Grant: Fear of teaching politics in schools 12
Tony Heath: Tutu's rapturous welcome in Wales 13
Dipak Nandy: Famine — who runs the world? 14

FOREIGN

Karan Thapar: Breakthrough in Afghan talks 18
Amanda Mitchison: Italy's Libyan connection 20

WEEKEND

American feminist **Janice Raymond** warns against women's friendships degenerating into 'therapy' 22

BOOKS

Jon Savage: Rock 'n' politics 25
Martin Wright: Prison voices 26
Paul Martin: Frontline states 26
Bill Greenwell: Fiction 27
Alan Brien: Paperbacks 28

ARTS

Andrew Clements: Opera 29
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 30
Adam Mars-Jones: Cinema 31
Donny O'Rourke: Records 31
John Spurling: Art 32
Hugo Williams: Television 32
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on Glasgow's Mayfest 34

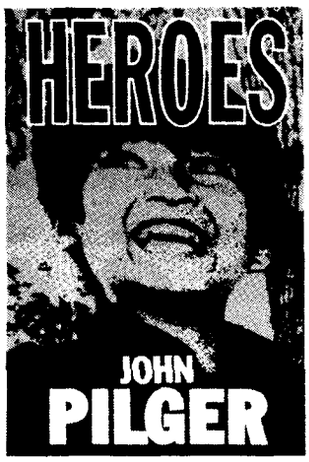
BACKCHAT

Nina Hibbin: Sexism at work 35
Weekend competition 35
Crossword 36

PLUS

Scrutiny 8
Mediawatch: Mandy Merck 15
Slump 15
Diary: Anne Smith 16
Roger Woddis 16
Letters 21
John Minnion 21
Janis Goodman 39
Chess: George Botterill 39
This England 39

NEXT WEEK



LOST BRITAIN

JOHN PILGER returns to a lost era to reveal the secret skill which got him, as an unknown young Australian, a job on the *Daily Mirror*

POPPIES IN A WHEATFIELD

Poet and story-teller BARBARA BURFORD examines the emergence of a Black women's writing in Britain

GETTING OUR PHONES BACK

Old-style nationalisation is not enough — and new thinking in unions agrees. We look at the UCW's own discussion on how to regain control of British Telecom

FLESH AND BLOOD

The first of our monthly selections from the latest crime fiction. NICK KIMBERLEY probes

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2879 30 May 1986

Africa's time bomb

FOR THE FIRST TIME in modern international politics, Africa has become the focus of international attention and looks destined to stay there for some time.

On the one hand there is the issue of poverty and starvation. And though public concern has swept past governments to insist that starvation in Africa is an issue of primary concern, Africa's poverty is, as Dipak Nandy's points out on page 14, inevitably doomed to worsen unless there is a radical shift in international financial and economic relations. Several nordic countries have just cancelled Africa's financial debt in a gesture towards staving off disaster. It is unlikely that monetarist Britain will follow suit. That is part of the agenda at this week's special debate at the United Nations called, at the request of African nations, to examine the continent's economic problems.

On the other hand, there is the escalating crisis in South Africa, a political crisis which because of South Africa's economic role bears some relation to the continent's under-development. Also this week a UN sponsored conference in London has been focusing attention on Western breaches in the arms embargo against South Africa. These breaches include boosting the nuclear capability of Pretoria. The apartheid regime could now drop an atomic bomb on its opponents. Last week's revolt by the fascist whites against the idea of a compromise which the Commonwealth has been trying to foster advances the possibility of a right-wing coup. Sections of the police force are already far to the right of Botha's government. How long, and in what circumstances, the more loyal army will remain constitutional is now an open question. Should there be a military coup, the far Right would have no scruples in using the weapons with which the West has endowed them. The differences within the Right, discussed by Christopher Wilson on page 17, are a poor safeguard against such an escalation of violence.

At the London conference on the arms embargo, this danger was a principal point of discussion. Britain was represented by the Labour Party — Roy Hattersley on behalf of Neil Kinnock. The Alliance sent messages of good will. The Tories were not represented. As they have both turned their backs on international efforts to enforce the arms embargo and have, almost alone in the world, refused to contemplate economic sanctions, they should now indicate just how they plan to carry out their responsibility to force an end to apartheid. Alternatively, they should indicate whether or not they are aware of the possibility of the use of the most destructive weaponry, including crude nuclear bombs, being the end result of their sympathies for apartheid's determination to either maintain its rule — or destroy everybody else with itself. □

Thatcher to invade the campus

THE ANNOUNCEMENT this week that the government plans to amend the Education Bill currently going through the House of Lords to 'guarantee freedom of speech at universities' should bring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear-headed opposition not only from the universities themselves but also from the police who will, presumably, be expected to enforce such a law. While this paper has frequently criticised the police for their role and behaviour, there can be no doubt that the Conservative government has forced them into a more thankless and intolerable role. Faced with a growing public demand for a police force that more effectively protects the ordinary citizen from acts of crime, the government seems wholly preoccupied with using the police to restrict the activities of its opponents. Unfortunately, the police have not been helped by some of their Chief Constables who share the government's view of their role, and who have refused even to pay lip service to the demand for some form of local accountability.

The government's plan to legislate on public conduct inside universities will merely introduce one more conflict between police and the community, in this case the student community. It is here that government ministers seem a peculiarly faint-hearted lot and peculiarly intolerant of any institutions which have the potential of making their life difficult. As the SDP's Lord Harris reminded the Lords in February when the issue of free speech of campuses was first raised, there is nothing new in 'bad' student behaviour.

Students have always formed more active, more politicised, more enclosed communities than the electorate in general. As such, they have always offered more rowdy and hostile receptions to unpopular visitors to their community. The university circuit has never and will never offer government ministers the sort of flatteringly appreciative reception that they expect from gatherings of the faithful. Labour ministers who endured the hostile student audiences in 1968 certainly protested vociferously against student intolerance. They did not demand a new law on how students should conduct themselves. It is sympomatic of today's Conservatives that they prefer State intervention to re-engaging in that political debate, especially at a time when university campuses are, by and large, more quiescent than they were 20 years ago.

There are of course worrying instances of violence and intolerance at universities. While student unions have as much right as the Institute of Directors or the Monday Club to draw up their own code of conduct on public meetings, they must be seen to take action against those students, of Left or Right, who infringe the code. Similarly, the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals have drawn up their own guidance on free speech and lawful assembly. They would far rather go through consultative procedures to get this accepted by students, with the back up of their own disciplinary procedures, than cede their role to statute law and the police.

CONCERN OVER political conduct and propaganda inside education institutions was first raised by Baroness Cox last February. (Plain Caroline Cox first came to Mrs Thatcher's attention for her active role in issuing propaganda against the 'marxists' in North London Polytechnic). She cited as evidence of the need for action the 'appalling treatment' of Home Office Minister David Waddington at Manchester University (he was prevented from speaking) and the physical and verbal abuse of students on several campuses. 'The fact that they are Conservative students is irrelevant' she said. 'No students engaged in lawful activities should be treated as they have been.' Adding her weight to the condemnation of Manchester students for their response to Mr Waddington, Baroness Hooper complained: 'The reported failure of the students union either to express regret at what happened or to co-operate in the disciplinary process provides evidence of the attitude of its leaders.'

Yet by far the most notorious incident at Manchester University, in which several students were injured, was the police charge against a student picket in March 1985 when Leon Brittan came to speak. On that day Sarah Hollis was injured and subsequently she and fellow student Steven Shaw were systematically harassed and assaulted by two men, assumed to be police officers. No students engaged in lawful activities should have been treated as they were. Yet the men who assaulted them have never been identified. No government spokesperson has so far expressed regret at the incident, added their weight to the demand for effective disciplinary procedures, or publicly deplored this limitation of freedom of assembly.

This amendment to the Education Bill did not grow out of a genuine concern for free speech. Its context was a wider attack on political activity within education. Baroness Cox, who moved the amendment outlawing 'political indoctrination' in primary schools last week, listed the following areas of concern when she opened the debate in February: anti-racism, anti-sexism, homosexuality, anti-police propaganda and peace studies. She described them as 'taken together . . . part of the long march through the institutions by those on the far Left who would destroy democracy.'

It is not the first time that we have seen representatives of today's Conservatism unable to distinguish between hostility to their values and the breakdown of civilisation. It is an extremly dangerous day when they start enshrining their fear of such opposition into statute law. Perhaps the House of Commons will be more robust, but it may be too much to hope of that self-enclosed community. On hearing its recorded barracking, jeers and roars during parliamentary questions, most electors find it 'deeply depressing that so many people had gone there simply in order to shout and bawl and not to ask any intelligent questions'; as Lord Harris said of student meetings. □

There is a war going on in Southern Africa. An undeclared war that was largely hidden . . . until last week

APARTHEID'S SECOND FRONT

JOSEPH HANLON'S urgent and controversial look at white South Africa's war against its neighbours.

A Penguin Special £2.95

NEW STATESMAN SUBSCRIBERS

NS subscribers living in the UK should now be receiving the magazine regularly each week on either Friday or Saturday. If any subscribers are still experiencing late deliveries please write to: **Joanne Hurst, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS CHERNOBYL AFFECTS CUMBRIA, MAFF CHEWS CUD

Pasture in Cumbria is registering radiation fall-out from Chernobyl well above the level at which the National Radiological Protection Board (NRPB) thinks cattle should be removed — but the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF) denies it has responsibility for recommending this to farmers. RUTH BALOGH reports

THE CUMBRIAN-BASED Institute of Terrestrial Ecology, commissioned by the Department of the Environment (DoE) to sample grassland, has found all its south Cumbrian samples exceed the 13,000 bq (beqerel) per sq metre danger level suggested by the NPRB. One sample registered 44,000 bq per sq metre for caesium 137 alone (half-line 30 years).

Ministerial concern had initially focused on the impact of Iodine 131 fallout on milk, for which MAFF has a relatively experienced network of field officers geared up to sending in regular samples. But government departments failed to predict the extent of caesium deposition on pasture and vegetables. Completely unprepared for widespread vegetable sampling, MAFF has confidently reassured farmers that everything is OK from nationwide tests on just 14 cabbages, four eggs, a handful of green vegetables and a stick of rhubarb.

The picture of hopelessly inadequate contingency monitoring and confusion of departmental responsibility following Chernobyl is worrying. It took the DoE two days to set up an information hot line after fall-out from the cloud had rained on northern Engand and Scotland, though Cumbrian farmers had already noticed the weather pattern was bringing both rain and the cloud in their direction.

Once operational, the DoE switchboard was only able to offer 'generalised advice' and directed all further enquiries to the NRPB, which then had to deal with a deluge of 15,000 calls at a time when staff would have been better employed collecting and analysing data. MAFF's response was no better — more than one Cumbrian farmer was asked if he was a member of a campaigning group before being told he had nothing to worry about.

The NRPB has been 'piggy in the middle' — trying to offer helpful advice both to the public and the Ministries — and it must be galling when this advice is ignored. However, the board is accustomed to this sort of treatment. Presently available for public comment is the new Sellafield Liquid Discharge Authorisation which will reduce alpha discharges from the plant to 370 curies per annum, as opposed to the 200 curies the NRPB calculate will limt the maximum public exposure to below their target level of 1 millisievert (msv). This target has become the subject of mounting public pressure because the present level of 5 msv a year compares badly with levels in other countries.

According to the minutes of the December meeting of the Sellafield local liaison committee environmental health sub-committee, released last week, projected discharges from Sellafield won't bring the maximum public exposure down to 0.5 msv until 1990. Committee chair Professor Keith Boddy suggested that instead of further reducing the discharges now, a 'simple expedient' would be for the critical group of West Cumbrian fishermen eating contaminated fish, who currently receive 45 per cent of the 5 msv dose, 'to eat fewer winkles'.

It's a pity that scientists haven't used Chernobyl to collect new data on the impact of radiation on the ecosystem instead of using Cumbrians living near Sellafield as guinea pigs. ●

Both photos: Gerard Livett

'How far that little candle
throws his beams
So shines a good deed
in a naughty world . . .'

Portia, *The Merchant of Venice*

I RAN THE WORLD t-shirts from Sport Aid on Bank Holiday Sunday were to be found on many of the 2000 (estimated) who turned up in Trafalgar Square on Bank Holiday Monday for a candlelit Aids vigil, synchronised with similar vigils on the Continent, in Australia and in North America. And as the vigil closed, many took their candles across the Square to the round-the-clock picket outside South Africa House calling for release of Nelson Mandela. A 'daisy-chain' of grief and outrage against suffering. ●

Ershad, of all people, dots drug companies in the eye

BANGLADESH'S 'essential medicines' policy, enacted in the teeth of opposition from British and other multinational drug companies, was given a clean bill of health this month (14 May). It has meant more, better quality and locally made medicines at cheaper prices, says the International Organisation of Consumer Unions (IOCU).

General Ershad, the military ruler much criticised for his handling of this Spring's elections, issued the controversial drugs ordinance back in 1982. In line with World Health Organisation recommendations, it banned 1,707 harmful, ineffective and overpriced drugs, leaving just 2,600 on the market, considered essential for good health.

The policy was bitterly attacked last year by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, representing United States drug companies which alleged medicine quality was now poorer in Bangladesh, prices to patients had increased and banned drugs were being smuggled in from India.

But using previously unpublished figures from the Ministry of Health, IOCU has released its own report. It reaches radically different conclusions. It claims that drug quality in Bangladesh has actually *increased* since 1982; prices paid by the government for medicines have decreased; and smuggling is not a problem.

IOCU states that the post-1982 drugs policy has brought about a big saving on imports of medicines. The share of the Bangaldesh market met by local production rose from 35 per cent in 1981 to 52 per cent in 1984. What is more, two thirds of the home production is of the 45 'most essential' medicines, compared with only a third before the policy was introduced.

The proportion of substandard drugs in Bangladesh is still 'alarmingly high', the report admits, but quality hasn't been falling and the alleged black market in banned medicines has dried up.

Bangladesh is one of the few countries in the world to have taken seriously WHO's recommendations for essential medicines. But with most drugs still bought across the counter and only one thousand of the country's 11,500 doctors working in rural areas, distributing the drugs to those most in need is still 'a Hurculean task'.

John Tanner

Essential Drugs — the Bangladesh example four years on *by D. J. Tiranti, 1 London Bridge Street, LONDON SE1.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics of Aids round-up (6): Bill Nelles on a 'deafening silence'

Last week the Terrence Higgins Trust (THT) held a gathering at one of London's largest gay clubs to launch their newest leaflet on Safer Sex. For the moment, gay and bisexual men continue to be statistically the most numerous risk group. It isn't surprising therefore that most of the leaflets issued by the Trust are aimed primarily at this group. But they publish one slightly different leaflet — couched in language unfamiliar to most, aimed at the injecting (intravenous) drug risk group. Written some seven months ago in co-operation with the Standing Conference on Drug Abuse (SCODA) it remains the only leaflet of its kind to be issued in England and Wales. In Scotland last year, in response to the HTLV-3 crisis in Edinburgh, Scottish Aids Monitor (SAM) issued a leaflet aimed at drug users. These two leaflets and a poster form the sum total of information so far produced for the second largest risk group. From most drug projects and from central government there has been a deafening silence.

Messages — sometimes plain and sometimes in 'code' — that filter down from the DHSS to those attempting preventative work with this group seem to indicate no planned and radical initiatives are under consideration. There also seems a distinct reluctance to try any initiatives that may be more than 'passive', and educational in nature. More 'active' initiatives, such as the controlled availability of clean syringes to the many thousands presently injecting drugs, have so far been ruled an unacceptable price to pay, as they might be seen to facilitate or condone drug taking. Most professionals in the drug rehabilitation field, as well as those in authority, do not believe these stratagems to be helpful. They see the most helpful tactic to be an increase in numbers of treatment places. This approach might not, however, attract those who do not perceive their behaviour as a 'problem' to come forward. It's estimated that treatments currently offered induce only two or three out of ten of those at risk towards help. There are also not enough places available for the numbers involved. And the long waiting lists for admission to rehabilitation and detoxification units are a severe disincentive to those who need help, whose motivation can change from day to day.

There is no dialogue between the DHSS and the risk group itself because drug users are given no voice or right of assembly, and no recognition except as a group of self destructive criminals and social parasites, at best sick and at worst morally degenerate. So for those unwilling or unable to stop injecting, no practical help or alternative is to hand. No meeting has been held between the DHSS and groups such as the THT or SAM to co-ordinate preventative work with this risk group, although it is the latter groups that are delivering results.

To see a more pragmatic programme that involves more than merely saying 'don't', one must cross the Channel to the Netherlands. More than a year ago, the drug users and the health authorities there declared a 'truce', and together implemented a workable, and it appears, durable arrangement. It ensures that everyone caught up in injecting drug behaviour has access to clean syringes, and an alternative to injecting acceptable to the drug users: oral methadone. Dutch authorities made the deliberate, albeit difficult, choice that widespread infection with HTLV-3 was the least desirable in a choice between drugs and Aids. They adopted a simple maxim. 'If it is', they said, 'at any one time, impossible to cure a drug addict, we have the duty to ensure that the harmful consequences of that behaviour to that individual are minimised.' They understand that the rehabilitation of uninfected addicts is less problematical than those infected.

The Dutch are so serious about the need to reach those at risk that in Amsterdam they use two buses offering easy access to methadone. This strategy attracts drug users to come forward, whilst not facilitating the dangerous injecting behaviour. Reliable estimates show that these buses and the other treatment centres are in daily contact with at least seven out of ten of the drug users in the city. All these individuals therefore have regular contact with health care counsellors and doctors. The casual visitor to the municipally funded but self-administered 'Junkie Brotherhood' day centre on the Binnekant canal finds quiet and stable individuals. They are far better informed about Aids than their counterparts in this country, and there is substantial peer pressure to take measures to stay uninfected, and behave responsibly towards others. Last year, the drug users exchanged 100,000 syringes, with some 90 per cent of them returned for safe disposal. Those who predicted that there would be a sharp increase in the numbers injecting drugs — or a sharp increase in needlestick injuries to the general population — were incorrect. Indicators showed that both figures dropped. ●

Bill Nelles is currently the ONLY funded HTLV-3 health education worker in the intravenous drug user field — he is funded by THT.

IT'S ALL REFORM PROMISES IN COLOMBIA — BUT STAND BY FOR ANOTHER ERUPTION

In the welter of more publicised international issues, the fate of Colombia is unfolding almost without attention except from the specialists. But civil war is slouching ever nearer. JANE DIBBLIN reports on the tensions

Rex Features

A survivor of the Almero volcano last year: will the government once again ignore the warning signs?

COLOMBIA ELECTED a new Liberal president, Virgilio Barco, this week. But despite his promises of reforms — and his confidence in a united government, given the Liberals' domination of both houses of Congress — there's deep scepticism that he'll be able to halt the country's drift towards open civil war.

In the run-up to the presidential elections of 25 May scientists warned that the volcano which claimed thousands of lives in Almero last November is once again spewing forth smoke and ash — the same warning sign which was ignored last time, at such great cost.

Predictions that a second eruption would be even more devastating have reached Colombia support groups in Europe which helped raise aid last year — aid which was controlled by the military in Colombia and which often failed to reach the victims. But once again, the new Colombian Congress, under the control of the Liberals elected in March, has done nothing about evacuating the area. *Plus ca change . . .*

One of the greatest challenges to President Barco will be to reverse the current trend, described by US human rights group Americaswatch in their latest report as 'the Central Americanisation of Colombia'. Colombia's crisis has somehow escaped worldwide attention, yet it is rapidly being militarised.

The military budget doubled this year. Colombia boasts some of the most modern warfighting equipment on the continent, directed at its own civilian population in an attempt to root out left-wing guerrillas. Aerial bombardments of towns and villages are not uncommon and the Director of Public Prosecutions lists 1,200 names of people who have 'disappeared'.

Instead of pushing forward with the peace talks with guerrillas, started by former president Belisario Betancur, and building on the ceasefire offered by the biggest group M-19, Barco has chosen to pledge a 'firm line' on guerrilla activity. The Reagan Administration has in the past tried to pin drug trafficking to the US on the guerrillas, but in January the then Minister for Justice, Jaime Parejo, went on national radio admitting that his office had received numerous complaints of *elected politicians* buying local votes with funds from drug running.

Barco will also have to square up sharply to the country's economic problems. Despite hopes for a 4.5 per cent growth in the economy this year, vast sectors of the population live in dire poverty. And yet Colombia is rich in resources; it's the major coal source in Latin America; it contains the best natural gas reserves; and it has reserves of untapped oil.

But few Third World governments have handled their national wealth over so willingly into the hands of US multinationals. It's their power which looks set to tie Barco's hands despite his promises of economic reform and an end to corruption. ●

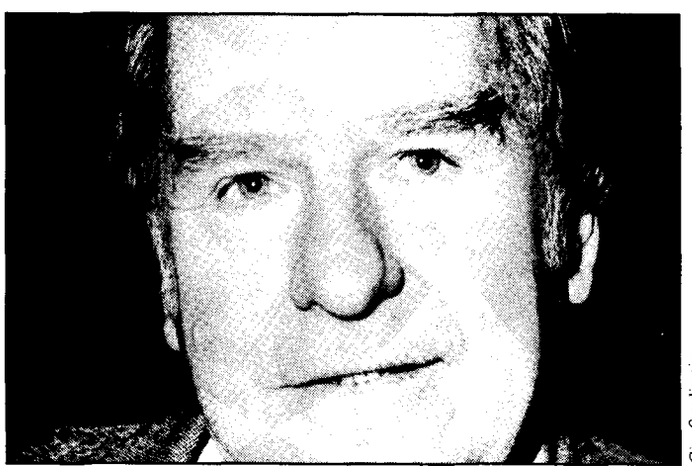
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twisted knickers over closing nuke reactors

LABOUR'S SHADOW Cabinet are due a modicum of congratulations but a bellyful of worries. That, at least, is the view of one of the environmentalists who met last week with Neil Kinnock and his environment and energy spokespeople, Jack Cunningham and Stan Orme to discuss the party's evolving policy on nuclear power.

Representatives of Friends of the Earth, Greenpeace and the Socialist Environment and Resources Association (SERA) left the meeting making deliberately positive noises to the press. There was a clear promise that the next Labour Government

- won't build any more nuclear power stations



City Syndication

Stan Orme: will he and the other 'neutrals' ensure the Labour Party's fans of nuclear power toe the party line?

- is opposed to the introduction of a commercial fast breeder ractor and
- will 'immediately halt the production of weapons-grade material from whatever source'

There were also a series of important commitments to cleaner coal, combined heat and power, energy conservation and renewable energy sources.

There's no doubt that these policies represent a significant step forward for the party and a substantial defeat for the pro-nuclear lobby. They were argued out by a special Shadow Cabinet committee set up in a post-Chernobyl panic to try to overcome the party's distressing capacity for nuclear fission on policy. The committee was chaired by the relatively neutral Stan Orme, with two nuclear enthusiasts — Jack Cunningham and industry spokesperson John Smith — on one side, and two nuclear critics — employment spokesperson John Prescott and campaigns co-ordinator Robin Cook — on the other.

There remains, however, a number of worrying ambiguities. There's no commitment to shut down any of the old Magnox reactors, merely a promise to publish their safety reviews and decommission those which 'have reached the end of their life'. It's not even certain whether a Labour Government would close down the two oldest Magnox stations at Calder Hall in Cumbria and Chapelcross in Dumfriesshire, despite the fact that they're used to produce plutonium and tritium for nuclear weapons. Instead, provided they were declared safe, they could be run solely for civil electricity generation.

The Shadow Cabinet document describes the reprocessing of Magnox fuel as 'necessary' when it may not be, and only promises an 'economic reappraisal' of the new THORP reprocessing plant at Sellafield when it should be cancelled. Oddly, it says that the European fast reactor fuel reprocessing plant planned for Dounreay in Caithness 'should not be built without a full public enquiry'. This is inconsistent with its stated opposition to the commercial fast reactor and in any case doesn't accurately represent the party's ultimate intention to abandon the plant.

There's no mention of any of the second generation advanced gas-cooled reactors, including (crucially) the two due to start up soon at Torness in East Lothian and Heysham near Lancaster. A major campaign to prevent fuel from being loaded into Torness has been mounted by the five local Labour-controlled regional and district councils, along with the National Union of Mineworkers and environmental groups. A major demonstration at the site is being planned for Saturday 5 July by the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace (SCRAM).

Rob Edwards

MISCELLANY

In a week when Thatcher in Israel astonished journalists by apparently saying that no one ever told her about the WW2 death-camps

Cockfield's horse?

She and her EEC placeperson Lord Cockfield are accused by Glasgow Euro MP Janey Buchan of party-political fiddling with the post of EEC information chief in London. Ads for the job, closing date Bank Holiday Monday, have been appearing in the *Guardian*, *The Times* etc, but Buchan is claiming that the Foreign Office and Cockfield are forcing one John Drew into the position. Who he? Well, director of European affairs for accountants Touche, Ross . . . sometime lecturer at London Graduate Business School. And outgoing, among allegations that he's been ousted? George Scott, qualified journalist, ex *Listener* editor, and a Liberal. 'I tell you with all the force at my command that this action will be considered scandalous by journalists and non-journalists alike' Buchan has written in a fury to EEC Commissioner Carlo Ripa di Meana, responsible for okaying the choice for London bureau chief.

Eurocacophany

Gazing towards those broad sunlit uplands when Maggie will merely be a footnote in Argentinian history, the EEC Council of Ministers meanwhile unveiled this Thursday 29 May the Euroflag, 12 gold stars on blue. The accompanying anthem is supposed to be Beethoven's Choral Symphony setting of Schiller's Ode to Joy. *Tum-ti-tum-ti-tum-ti, etc, you know. But there's been a ghastly failure to find a good enough English translation. There was talk at a recent Council of Ministers get-together of writing entirely new words. No doubt on the lines of immortal Reg. XZ/B/58/b, or whatever it was, which forbade the Brits, lowly viols in the great Concert of Europe, to go on calling ice-cream ice-cream: 'Tutti-frutti/Must not ever/Be described as/Walls ice-cream . . .'*

If music be the food

But can we do better than that. A ripple please for Roger Woddis, *NS* poet laureate and the only man to be described by Denis Healey as a 'brilliant poet' in *Newsnight*'s review, a few nights ago, of the new Faber book of political verse. In a special guest appearance off the Diary page, herewith the anthem, to Beethoven's tune, to go with the EEC flag. One stanza only, more on request: *Fortissimo*:

Sing in praise of flowing fountains
From the Tiber to the Rhine,
Not to mention butter mountains,
Seas of milk and lakes of wine.
Europe poisoned by a killer,
which could end the life of man,
Would have put the shits up Schiller
And have silenced Ludwig van.

© *Roger van Woddis*

Taste bods

The EEC somehow reminds us of fish. The post-Chernobyl trawl of eerie experiences brings this reminiscence from the TUC's

radioactive waste group's fact-finder to Sellafield a short time ago. For lunch they were offered platefuls of locally caught fish. Most refrained.

Inside dope

Could it be that the normally forthright Farrukh Dhondy is pulling his punches? Matthew, the heroic white squatter helping the East End Bengalis get houses off the GLC (eh?) in Dhondy's *King of the Ghetto* (BBC2 Thursdays), seems to be based on the mid-70s exploits of Terence Fitzpatrick, amiable streetwise politico who organised the Tower Hamlets Squatters' Union. But thereafter history is being rewritten. The white hustler Sammy (played by the engaging Ian Dury) was in fact a West Indian (also known as Sammy) and there was evidence that the local Community Relations Council was partly to blame for the Bengalis' plight. How does Farrukh Dhondy know all about this? Prior to current mega-stardom he was, in 1975-76, the Secretary of the Bengali Housing Action Group and, as they say, at the centre of the struggle.

Going metric

Pornballs: Senior Customs official at confidential meeting last week to discuss modern criteria of obscenity: 'It's really very simple. If it's got an erection, seize it'.

Reptile

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

AMERICANS PLAN ESCAPE FROM BRITISH 'FRONT LINE'

'HERE IN ENGLAND, we're in the front lines — where the action is or is likely to be', according to an evacuation plan booklet secretly issued last month to American families in Suffolk. But British residents who live next door to US bases are expected to sit tight while their neighbours may be assisted to flee to 'survival areas'

A BOOKLET of plans for US 'Non-combatant Evacuation Operations' in Britain has been obtained by the *New Statesman*. The booklet was written in August 1983, anticipating a future European conflict. But after the US bombing attack on Libya, it has been handed out in case US families in Britain themselves become bombing targets and have to leave.

The booklet describes Pentagon plans to evacuate families from foreign bases, and to get them back to reception areas in the US within 15 days of leaving their homes. It warns that 'should hostilities ever break out, you may have to return to the United States . . . in a hurry'.

The plan calls for dependants to assemble at a public hall on each base. Depending on the situation, evacuation may take several forms, ranging from a 'gradual and deliberate acceleration of normal rotation processing to the US' to a 'more urgent situation where evacuees are moved as rapidly as possible to survival areas and eventually to the United States'. Neither the location of 'survival areas' nor the type of transport to be used is specified.

An accompanying checklist of items to be included in everyone's personal 'evacuation kit' includes 'money, checkbook, credit cards, auto registration certificates and authorisation for emergency pay'. Among the less essential items to take are 'wills [and] powers of attorney', 'small non-electronic games', 'snack food', and 'enough clothing to get you to the safehaven'.

Other than this, 'all personal property will be left behind [and] as much as the government would like to, it cannot evacuate pets'. They should either be killed or be given away: 'you will be responsible for the disposition of your pets'. Evacuees are also urged to photograph their houses to 'help document future claims' just in case their homes and property aren't there to come back to.

No foreigners

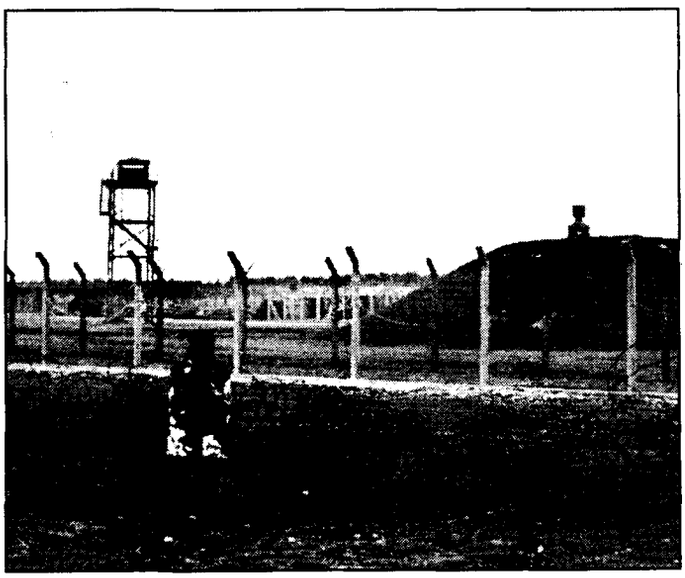
Foreign nationals cannot be accommodated or protected in the evacuation plan. This is stressed in a warning to US evacuees that 'under no circumstances will foreign nationals (unless they are *bona fide* dependants) be allowed to accompany evacuees'. For example, 'village child minder[s]' will not be allowed to accompany US children whose parents are in the military, and have therefore to stay behind in the British 'front line'.

To make sure no foreigners sneak through, everyone turning up at the 'processing centre' will be scrutinised to 'verify eligibility' for evacuation, using US passports or ID cards.

The Home Office has repeatedly refused to make evacuation plans for Britons living next to US bases. Current government advice to local authorities states that 'successive governments have concluded that the best protection for the public is to stay at home'. A Home Office press official last week said that the government considered that 'no part of Britain was safer than any other'. Asked about the American view that their bases were in the front line, she referred specific questions comparing US and British local evacuation schemes to the local authority, Suffolk County Council.

Suffolk's Emergency Planning Officer, Bill Hancock, told us last week that he was not aware of details of the US evacuation plans. But he knew that the plans presented 'a special problem'. Nevertheless, there were 'no specific plans for formal evacuation' of British residents in the areas close to US bases.

Information in the leaked booklet, entitled 'Bentwaters/Woodbridge Pamphlet no 400-3', is not supposed to have been passed outside US circles. According to the pamphlet, 'information on the evacuation of US Citizens from foreign nations is disseminated on a NEED-TO-KNOW basis'. ●



Nuclear or chemical 'special weapons' store at Woodbridge USAF base, Suffolk. US families plan to be well away before the action starts at this English section of the 'front lines'

Data dodgers

AS FEW AS one in 10 of those supposed to register their use of computerised personal data-banks may have actually done so, suspects the Data Protection Registry. The deadline under the new Act was on 11 May. Meanwhile there has been much traffic in advice about how to dodge the main effect of the law — which is, from September 1987, to allow anyone to apply to a computer user and ask for a copy of their own file.

According to the Act, anyone then asking to see their own file should be given a copy of it within 40 days. It is illegal to delete the file first — or to alter it to make it acceptable to the subject.

But Durham University's Registrar is among others who have circulated complex proposals to get round the irksome new requirement. At Durham University, the new law could mean that students could get to know their exam marks. (Why this should be such a hazard to comfortable academic wellbeing is difficult for those outside the cloisters to fathom.)

The Durham plan is to introduce a scheme whereby examination marks are never held on computer for more than 40 days. They must always be 'obliterated in 40 days'. But this could only be done legally, warns Deputy Registrar G. R. Thrush, if the University 'had [first] established a clear routine of . . . obliterating examination marks on a regular basis'.

The Durham University working party also suggests abandoning the use of computers altogether, a suggestion repeated in two recent books on the Act. One of these, published by the National Computing Centre, which contained a chapter on 'Mitigating the Effects of Legislation', had to be withdrawn from publication after criticism. ●

Nuclear convoy: no secrets charges

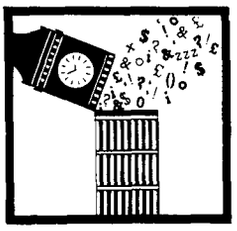
THE *New Statesman* and the writers of this column are not to be prosecuted for publishing details of RAF 'Special Road Convoys' based on secret instructions issued to Avon and Somerset Constabulary.

Our report (*NS* 29 November 1985) showed the detailed make-up of the convoy which carries nuclear weapons between the weapons factory at Burghfield and bomb stores such as Coulport on the Clyde, or Honington in East Anglia.

Following the report, which accompanied the Yorkshire TV documentary *Britain's Bomb*, the Avon force launched an investigation into the leak. *New Statesman* editor Hugh Stephenson and writer Duncan Campbell were both interviewed before Christmas and cautioned that a report would be submitted to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

But Avon and Somerset Deputy Chief Constable Jim Sharples this week announced that the Attorney General Sir Michael Havers 'has decided that this is not an appropriate case for the institution of criminal proceedings'. The police therefore intend to take 'no further action'. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Don't be misled by the myth of the 'mid-term blues'

BEFORE WE proceed to the main topic of this week's column, a word about Lord Young. Immediate reactions to his 'never had it so good' comment on TV-am on Sunday concentrated on the political ineptitude of what he said, and its parallels with Macmillan's similar remark in 1957.

In this, discussion has followed true to form. Whenever a British politician says something controversial, journalists and other politicians ask not 'was he (or she) *right*?' but, 'was he (or she) *wise*?' Thus Harold Wilson's words about 'the pound in your pocket' not being devalued in 1967, and Sir Keith Joseph's Preston speech in October 1974 when he said that the wrong kind of women were having too many babies, were both condemned as inept remarks. Their intrinsic validity mattered less.

So it is with Lord Young. For the real scandal about what he said is that it is true. Most people — not as many as the 87 per cent he cited, but nevertheless most people — do now live better in Britain than ever before. An unnecessarily large, and growing, minority are without work, or have scandalously low-paid jobs, or are pensioners or single parents living off inadequate state benefits; but for most other people, wage increases and tax cuts have secured a record standard of living.

Normally government ministers make this point with a note of regret in their voice. They admit there is nothing morally admirable about this state of affairs. They say that (a) it is not the government's fault and/or (b) that it is for the greater long-term good of the whole community. Lord Young, on the other hand, seems to welcome what has happened. He evidently approves of a society in which spending on community services, such as schools and hospitals, and on state benefits is curbed in order to finance tax cuts for the better-off majority. It may be reprehensible for Lord Young to hold such views; yet he said what he thought and, indeed, what Mrs Thatcher thinks. For that Lord Young surely deserves some credit.

NOW TO those 'mid-term blues'. Conventional wisdom holds that all governments suffer from them and that all governments recover. Support falls and rises with the regularity of the tides or the seasons. Did not Wilson, Heath and Callaghan all go through bad patches? And was not Mrs Thatcher herself deeply unpopular midway through her first Parliament as Prime Minister, before going on to win in 1983?

In fact the record is not as simple as that. It is now a few days short of three years since the last general election. Taking an average of the last three regular Gallup Polls, the Conservative share of support is 28.5 per cent — 15 points down on the last general election. This is how the current mid-term decline compares with the government's standing in previous Parliaments at the same point (Gallup average 33-35 months after previous election):

	% share of support	Change since gen. elec.
Con: Thatcher March-May 1986	28.5	−15
Con: Thatcher Feb-April 1982	32.0	−13
Lab: Callaghan July-Sept 1977	37.5	− 3
Con: Heath March-May 1973	38.5	− 8
Lab: Wilson Jan-March 1969	32.5	−16

PETER KELLNER

Two immediate points stand out. The first is that the Conservatives' current level of support is significantly lower than that of any previous governing party at the same point in a Parliament. The second is that the fall in support since the last election is not exceptional — but it is substantially more serious than Callaghan's and Heath's plight at the equivalent point. So the government's determinist-optimists have something to go on, though less than they might have wished.

What do the past four parliaments tell us about subsequent recoveries? The news here for the determinist-optimists is grim. Sure enough Thatcher Mark One and Wilson both recovered. But Heath and Callaghan did not. Their parties' three-year Gallup ratings proved to be uncannily accurate predictors of what they achieved at the next election: the Tories obtained 38.6 per cent in February 1974, while Labour obtained 37.8 per cent in 1979. So even if it is normal for governing parties to lose support during their first three years in power, there is nothing automatic about recovery after that.

A closer look at public opinion during the last four full Parliaments should detonate what is left of the determinist-optimist case. 1968 and 1969 were bad years for Wilson's government because of the inflation (5 per cent: shocking!) and the consumption squeeze that followed devaluation. But by the end of 1969, as the economy began to recover, so did Labour's support.

As we have seen, support for Heath's government did not follow a 'mid-term blues' trajectory at all. For only four months during 1973 did the Tories slump more than ten points below their previous election level. Yet in this Parliament a 10 point-plus decline has already been registered by Gallup during ten of the past 13 months.

The 1974-79 Wilson-Callaghan government's mid-term blues were directly associated with the IMF crisis in late 1976. Before the crisis, Labour's popularity compared favourably with its performance at the previous and subsequent general elections. By summer 1977, when the crisis was over, so were Labour's 'mid-term blues'. Not until the winter of discontent did Labour fall consistently behind the Tories again.

The Conservatives' popularity during the first Thatcher Parliament is equally explicable by what happened in the economy and the outside world; determinism had nothing to do with it. Support hovered at or near 40 per cent until the autumn of 1980, when unemployment accelerated past two million. Tory popularity then declined sharply. Leaving aside Gallup's December 1981 figure of 23 per cent for the Conservatives — almost certainly a freak figure — the party's late-1981, early 1982 low was about 27 per cent.

In the spring of 1982 there were some signs of a recovery in Tory support. The novelty of the Liberal/SDP Alliance began to wear off: unemployment was no longer rising so sharply: the economy was past the worst of the recession. All these factors helped to edge the Conservatives above 30 per cent by March 1982. Then came the Falklands.

So there is nothing in the story of the past four full-term Parliaments to suggest an automatic Tory recovery. But the anti-determinist case works both ways: there is nothing to prove that the Tories *won't* recover. It all depends on what happens in the real world, especially the economy.

Mrs Thatcher surely knows this — hence her hints that she may not hold the election until 1988: she is banking on a gradual improvement in the growth and unemployment figures, and knows that it could take up to two years for new trends to be both established in fact and believed by the electorate.

Meanwhile, there is one piece of electoral history that might lend itself to determinist analysis. At each of the last seven general elections, the government has lost support during the campaign. Usually the Liberals (or, in 1983, the Alliance) have been the beneficiaries, rather than the main opposition. Nevertheless, it seems that election campaigns invariably hurt governments. Bearing that in mind, Mrs Thatcher would be foolhardy to dissolve Parliament earlier than she has to unless the Tories have more than 40 per cent support. I don't expect them to recover to that extent; which is why my money is on Mrs Thatcher hanging on until 1988. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leon Kuhn

'Good employers involve their employees by keeping them fully informed.' CONSERVATIVE MANIFESTO 1983

ALBANIANISATION

SNIP, PRUNE AND SLIDE

There's a link between Britain's industrial decline and high defence spending, argues CLIVE PONTING. But what to do about it?

ON PRESENT TRENDS Britain will, just after the turn of the century, be the poorest nation in the whole of Europe apart from Albania. But at least, on present policy, it will have Trident to defend its increasingly rundown and divided society.

This is the *reductio ad absurdam* of British policy making since 1945, with its emphasis on the symbols of great power status. The demands of the defence community have continually been put before the needs of the rest of society.

Labour governments have had a deeply schizophrenic attitude towards the resources taken up by defence expenditure. On the one hand they want to reduce the burden of excessive defence spending on a weakened economy, but on the other this same spending produces an enormous number of jobs, often in areas of high unemployment and marginal constituences.

On the latest figures Britain spends $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of its national wealth on defence compared with 4 per cent in France, just over 3 per cent in Germany and just under 3 per cent in Italy. The pattern has been the same for the last 30 years, as Britain has tied up more of its resources unproductively in the defence field than any of our competitors.

A number of econometric studies in recent years have demonstrated that it is no coincidence that economic failure and high defence spending go together. In particular, high defence spending and low investment are closely related and it is low investment that is at the heart of Britain's economic difficulties.

But what would happen if Britain were to reduce its defence expenditure to the level of say Germany and Italy? This would involve fundamental changes in policy such as either disbanding BAOR, or ending any pretence at having a world-wide Navy together with huge cuts in the equipment programme and buying more equipment from abroad.

The extra government spending that would be possible on schools, hospitals and schemes to reduce unemployment would be massive; but so would the major dislocation in huge areas of British industry. Unfortunately for those who want to change defence policy towards a more realistic structure and at the same time to improve British economic performance, the military-industrial complex is extremely powerful and includes not just military planners and industrial bosses but also trade unions and a huge number of jobs, probably as many as 800,000.

Many of these jobs are in areas of very high unemployment such as the shipyards of Tyneside and the Clyde. The political importance of these jobs is obvious and it is probably no coincidence that Labour lost the seat at Barrow-in-Furness in 1983 when there were doubts about the future of the Vickers yard, if Labour won the election.

The recent in-fighting between Swan Hunter on the Tyne and Harland and Wolff in Belfast over the order for the Royal Navy auxiliary vessels is an example of the power of defence money. During the 1974-79 Labour government, exactly the same problem was apparent even though the scale of the reductions in defence spending were very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small. Any cut-back, or even postponement of orders, was greeted with outrage from the firms involved, the unions and the constituency MPs. The lobbying was so bad that the private offices of both Roy Mason and Fred Mulley as Ministers of Defence kept a 'Black Book' containing a list of the Labour MPs who voted for more cuts in defence spending and at the same time lobbied for more defence work for their constituencies.

IS THERE NO WAY out of this dilemma? Some have suggested that it should be possible to wind down the defence industries and redeploy the effort to civil work just as was done after 1945. The problem is that then it was easy to demobilise the forces and rebuild civilian industry because there was a vast pent-up demand for its products after wartime shortages and massive new programmes in areas like housing to employ ex-servicemen. And the government had enough power over the economy to control the rate of transition.

To undertake a similar programme now, when there are nearly 4 million unemployed, in the hope that somehow new demand for British products will emerge, would be economic and political suicide. In shipbuilding, the only viable yards are those that build warships and similarly in aircraft production the British civil market is shrinking rapidly and only military planes like the Tornado and Harrier keep the industry going.

But what about starting with with the industrial base — the research and development effort? Britain puts more of its R&D effort into the defence field than any other country, including the US. The latest figures show that almost 30 per cent of British R&D spending is on defence compared with 23 per cent in the US.

In Germany it is about 6 per cent and in Japan about ½ per cent. In Britain far too much of our best scientific effort is going into new military equipment and not enough into developing new products that might help revitalise the economy. The recent agreement with the US on Star Wars research is yet another symptom of that trend and will only exacerbate the existing situation.

There have been one or two efforts in the past to try to reduce this dependence on military spending. In 1964 the Wilson government came to power pledged to modernise the British economy and asked Lord Zuckerman, their Chief Scientific Adviser, to conduct a study on how to convert defence R&D to civilian uses. The study concluded that major sums of money could be saved on defence R&D without any damage and that there should be a transfer of resources. The report was discussed by the Strategic Economic Policy Committee of the Cabinet in May 1969, with Wilson himself in the chair.

All this work came to precisely nothing because it was too near to the election. Wilson dismissed it by saying: 'I am afraid there is no political capital in this because nothing we decide will have any effect until years after the next Parliament gets going.'

Past experience suggests that just relying on a gradual cut-back in military spending will get nowhere. A major restructuring of parts of the economy is involved in any exercise of this sort and there is no evidence that this can be achieved by cutting defence expenditure and expecting the natural mechanisms of a decaying private enterprise economy miraculously to pick up the pieces and put them back together as a new and efficient economy. This sort of programme in today's circumstances can only be achieved by a much greater degree of state intervention and control of the whole process.

But is there any sign that a Labour government is prepared to grapple with all that such a policy implies? □

RAILROADING

MARKET ROUTE

The government is levelling the 'commanding heights of the economy' — rail, shipbuilding and coal — and finding it easy because they are nationalised. IAN WILLIAMS on the railway workshop cuts

THOUSANDS of job losses in railway workshops would be catastrophic in itself, but it's merely the latest in a long series of broken promises. For five years every closure, every economy and productivity measure on British Rail has been accompanied by assurances of security for those remaining.

The Beeching promise of the 1960s that there would be far fewer railworkers, but they'd be the best paid workers in the country, was at least half true — threequarters of the workforce have gone.

In contrast British Rail's 1981 Corporate Plan was talking about an *increase* in workshop staff, from 57,000 to 66,000. Despite the current line in excuses about modern rolling stock, it was precisely for the modernisation programme that they were planning! Five years of underinvestment now leaves fewer than 40,000 workshop staff, and Shildon, Swindon and Horwich with massive unemployment. On each occasion, the pattern has been to promise security for the remnants. As Shildon closed, Swindon was assured of its future, only to be sentenced itself within months. Now British Rail Engineering (BREL) comes back for an even bigger bite of almost 8,000 jobs, in a list of towns which reads like a Cook's Tour of the Depressed Areas.

BREL is a wholly owned subsidiary of British Rail, looking after the railway's network of workshops. It includes the repair and maintenance side of the operation, as well as major factories for making coaches, wagons and locomotives.

Privatisers have had their eyes on this business for some time, and the 1983 Serpell Report on railway finances made no secret of

Make less room for poverty — and more room for justice

Start at the sharp end and try to do something to help; this is the way that Quakers have always sought to tackle problems. If you can't do something grand, you can still do something worthwhile.

Quaker Peace & Service sets out to help with small projects in economically deprived countries, working with people to improve the quality of food, health, skills and knowledge — of life itself. Without the stress of poverty, there's more room for justice.

In Britain, too, QPS opens up paths towards peace: supporting positive local actions; enabling diplomats and politicians to voice their mutual doubts and fears away from the public eye; seeking to bring a religious viewpoint to discussions on the reduction of today's violence.

But we can't work all by ourselves; there are sixty practical projects to be maintained. The world becomes more costly every day and the work becomes more vital.

Please add your help to make more room for justice.

We will send you more: tick the area which interests you most and post this coupon today.

☐ Asia ☐ Africa
☐ Middle East
☐ Latin America
☐ Peace and nonviolence
☐ Sharing World Resources
☐ United Nations
☐ Europe, inc. N. Ireland
☐ East/West relations
☐ General

I want to help Quaker Peace & Service
Here is my contribution of

£5.....£10.....£15.....£20.....Other.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Send to Freepost, Quaker Peace & Service ST1
London NW1 2YS (no stamp needed) Registered Charity No 237698

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its distaste at all the potential profits going to the BR instead of the City. Its options for the workshops called for distinction to be made between the day-to-day unplanned repair and maintenance — by its very nature unprofitable — and so to be returned to BR, and the predictably profitable major maintenance and manufacturing sector to be privatised and opened out to 'competitive tendering'.

The split was announced for April Fools' Day this year, and the rest of the sick joke — about the closures — announced last week. It's difficult to avoid the conclusion that privatisation is on the way for BREL's remnants, since all the other strictures of Serpell are being met.

Already BR is insisting on its own subsidiary meeting rigid financial performance criteria which don't apply to rival private bidders. The 'competitiveness' can be judged by last year when BREL made its plans on the assumption that Hamilton's of Glasgow would put in the best tender for 33 per cent of an order for diesel units even before bids were made.

ON UNPATRIOTIC par with shipbuilding, Serpell waxed indignant at how much railway purchasing was British rather than foreign, even though the foreign governments don't share the UK's scruples about subsidies. It doubted whether BR demand for locos justified retaining a domestic capacity.

This at least has a ring of truth in face of the government's determination not to invest in railways. The difference is the change of attitude of BR management. Peter Parker said in March 1980 that BR's high fares were due 'neither to excessive wage levels, nor to poor productivity, but to relatively low support from the taxpayer for railways in Britain.' Since then that support has actually declined. But Parker's successor Bob Reid has without demur observed all the official monetarist dogma. (When Parker retired in 1983 it was thought the government would impose 'one of us' from the outside. There was no need.)

BR local managers have shed far more jobs in so-called good housekeeping exercises than any of the more publicised productivity exercises like flexible rostering or driver-only operation. These were designed, like the miners' chastening, to be visible symbols of defeat.

The present round of workshop cuts is so provocative that it may well be a trap for the unions. Jimmy Knapp, NUR General Secretary, is obviously worried. The ballot on industrial action is being held because the unions have been driven into a corner, not because they relish a fight. They hope that a yes vote will force BREL to negotiate, although BR's willingness to dance to the government's loony tunes means the decision will, as with the miners, rest in Whitehall. But as the commuter services from the Finchleys of the Home Counties fall apart for lack of maintenance, there *may* be an alternative.

New Statesman Binders

Keep your copies of the NS in good condition with a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs £4.50 (£8.50 for two). Send order with remittance to **New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

'YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW'

As Baroness Cox rails against teaching 'politics' in primary schools, MOYRA GRANT tests school children's ignorance

'ARE FASCISTS LEFT or right wing?' 'Is the IRA loyalist or unionist?' 'Tony Benn's a pro-Russian Marxist, isn't he?' 'I've never heard of feminism — what is it?'

These are 16-18 year-olds coming into politics, at O and A Level, usually for the first time in their school careers. The extent of their political ignorance is, quite frankly, frightening. It's not that the students are incompetent or uninterested in politics — on the contrary, given half a chance they take to it like — well, like Tebbits to bicycles. The fault lies in a school system which, by default or design, succeeds in depriving most of its clients of even the most basic political literacy.

> **'What is provided must always be education and never indoctrination. Society expects its schools to provide information about and encourage sympathy for the values that underpin our society . . . Some views, such as . . . the outright rejection of the rule of law are manifestly unacceptable.'**
>
> **Richard Dunn**
> **Under-Secretary of State for Education, 1984**

Ten years ago the Hansard Society's survey into the 'Political Awareness of the School Leaver' revealed a 'truly appalling' state of affairs in which, for example, over 50 per cent of those interviewed could not name their own MP or the foreign secretary; 44 per cent thought that the IRA was a Protestant organisation; 20 per cent believed that nationalisation was a Conservative policy; and 6 per cent could not even name the prime minister.

A succession of studies since (eg Ian Lister's more recent survey of sixth formers) has revealed a similar picture; and, of course, uninformed young people tend to grow into uninformed adults. Every survey of its kind produces the same sort of depressing statistics for the adult electorate: in 1971, 20 per cent of voters polled thought that EEC stood for Eastern Electricity Council; in 1979, 77 per cent of those questioned did not know what was meant by NATO; in 1983, 10 per cent could not name the American president and 2 per cent still could not name the prime minister. (Some progress there, perhaps?)

Yet clearly the thought of politics touching young minds fills politicians with horror. Last week, the government was defeated by 30 votes in the House of Lords when Baroness Cox pushed through an amendment barring politics from primary schools. It was rather a symbolic gesture. Although the importance of political education has been stressed by a succession of worthy quangos ever since the Crowther report of the 1950s, it remains at best a poor relation, and at worst — and more often it's the worst — an educational pariah. Over four-fifths of schools and colleges do not teach it at all at examination level, and even fewer teach it as a non-exam subject.

There are some — more or less sound — practical reasons for the dearth of politics teaching below university level. Students in higher education, facing the increasingly competitive job market, are wary of its 'non-vocational' nature. Below examination level — and certainly in primary schools — it is often excluded on the grounds that it is too complex and abstract for children to grasp, which should reassure the Lords.

THESE ARE, HOWEVER, mere trifles. The prime motive underlying the neglect of political education in Britain is fear — and, ironically, it is the politicians who are most frightened — of political education as 'indoctrination'. The title and central theme of the Conservative manifesto for the recent ILEA elections was 'Pupils Before Politics', and Baroness Cox, Roger Scruton et al were only the latest in a long line of committed campaigners waging war against the 'subversive' tendencies of politics teaching. 'Children go to school to be taught and not politically infiltrated', as Rhodes Boyson put it (with his customary precision and clarity) when he was Education Minister back in 1982.

It is not only Conservatives who seem fearful. Alliance politicians like Anne Sofer warn darkly against 'extremist elements' in the teaching profession; and even Frances Morrell of ILEA, challenged about 'politics in the classroom', can only react defensively and deny having heard parents complain about it.

In the face of such sustained ideological pressure from peers and paymasters, politics teachers unsurprisingly go on the defensive,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denying any trace of bias, steering clear of the critical approach or the controversial issue, and pursuing an elusive 'balance' or impossible 'neutrality' to the point of incoherence.

This is all, of course, either self-deception or rank hypocrisy. Indoctrination pervades the schooling system from end to end; that has always been one of its primary aims and effects. When history students study Cromwell (nasty), when Eng. Lit. students study Orwell's *1984* (very nasty), when maths students calculate profit and interest (not at all nasty) — unspoken and often unrecognised political value-judgements are quietly but consistently instilled.

There is the 'hidden' curriculum, too, where students observe and absorb the structures of power, authority, participation and decision-making throughout the school itself. Len Masterman quotes a teacher of the 'neutral' sciences:

> For over twenty years I worked under the delusion that I was teaching maths. The social pressures I put upon the kids were designed to make my maths teaching more effective. I now realise that I was teaching social passivity and conformity, academic snobbery and the naturalness of good, healthy competition, and that I was using maths as an instrument for achieving these things.

Political education as a formal part of the curriculum is still, too often, simply another step in teaching conformity, only more deliberate and determined. It is not politics as critical inquiry or even as basic information (beyond the stultifying and largely irrelevant rote-learning of Brit. Con. institutions and procedures). Syllabuses aim 'to teach children the fundamental concepts and values of a democratic society: fair elections, freedom and obedience to the rule of law', and 'to teach the essential difference between a Western democracy and a totalitarian state'. No wonder the news still doesn't make sense.

Even at exam level the standard contemporary textbooks are full of gems like 'Government is you and others working together to meet some of your needs'; 'The British people, to their credit, have always shunned the extremists of the left', and 'It is essential for the survival of British democracy that unions abandon these practices [of mass picketing], either voluntarily or as a result of laws being enacted and enforced'; with objective assessment exercises such as 'From your newspaper obtain two examples which show that people in some countries do not enjoy the liberty of people in Britain (eg a person is shot crossing from East Germany to West Germany)'.

It is time those involved in political education went on the offensive, stopped denying indoctrination in education and started denouncing it for what it usually is: the socialisation of a quiescent citizenry and the subversion of democracy. There are, of course, honourable exceptions: for example, the Lilian Baylis school in Kensington where the 'three antis' — against racism, sexism and classism — are stressed as much as the traditional three Rs. Cox would call it indoctrination; I'd call it the politics of choice in an otherwise one-sided world. □

Tutu lifting horizons at Merthyr Tydfil

Philip Davies

WALES FINDS NEW VOICE

TONY HEATH on a surge of anti-apartheid feeling

IT IS DIFFICULT to know who was most affected by last weekend's visit to Wales by Bishop Desmond Tutu — the thousands who turned out to see and hear him, or the Bishop himself.

When the Bishop arrived outside Llandaff Cathedral, an architectural gem in a Cardiff suburb as classy as Hampstead, 200 children greeted him with the African song, 'Kum Byah'. Later 2,000 people packed into Merthyr Tydfil's leisure centre to applaud him receiving the freedom of the borough. Next day, 20,000 jammed the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show ground at rural Builth Wells to hear him preach. Enthusiasm bordering on adulation left him visibly moved. 'One advantage of being black is that people can't see you blushing', he said.

Although he came as a guest of the Welsh Council of Churches, the Bishop was also claimed as its own by the Welsh labour movement. That same movement had welcomed Paul Robeson in the 1930s and his son when he visited half a century later, at the end of the miners' strike. The Reverend Bill Morgan, a long serving Merthyr councillor, linked the 19th century industrial struggles in South Wales with those in 20th century South Africa when he was proposing the Freedom award, an honour previously bestowed on closer dignitaries such as Arthur Homer and Harold Wilson. He said 'Merthyr has a long tradition of identifying with the struggle for peace and justice in Britain and throughout the international world.'

Yet the same weekend a clandestine choir, nicknamed the 'Jones Boys Choir' for the sake of anonymity, was touring South Africa, its eyes set on a grand finale concert in Pretoria's state theatre on 31 May, Republic Day. Perhaps its decision to disband was a belated response to the Bishop's repeated denunciation of cultural links with the apartheid regime — 'economic sanctions must be accompanied by cultural and sporting boycotts' — a denunciation which was widely taken up in Wales. Perhaps it was because one singer in the choir, Gwilym Jones, is a luminary in Wales's Royal National Eistedfodd. If he and others singing for Botha are not disciplined, people will withdraw financial support and this year's Eistedfodd in August will have to contend with anti-apartheid demonstrations.

SO THE BISHOP's visit has not so much highlighted conflicts between different communities in Wales, but conflicts within the same or overlapping circles. The Eistedfodd and the male voice choirs are centres of cultural conservatism. The long-standing love of the oval ball and the post-game clubbish celebrations, lubricated by copious pints, are also powerful and often conservative influences. Hence the belief that playing rugby in South Africa or inviting South Africans to take the field at the Arms Park is somehow beyond politics.

But those who swell the ranks of the choirs or the rugby grounds are not drawn from different circles from those who have sustained the long tradition of Welsh Labour; though perhaps that does explain the resistance to change of that Labour tradition. Not surprisingly, the received image of the movement remains macho, mining and male.

But that is no longer quite the whole story. Changes set in motion by the endeavours of women's support groups during the miners' strike will be prodded along following Desmond Tutu's visit. The involvement of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women on picket lines — and one of the most effective was organised by women at the Port Talbot steel works during the year-long miners' strike — is being followed up by an increasing role for women in the Wales Anti-Apartheid movement and other organisations like the Welsh Language Society.

When Cardiff's Red Choir sang in front of the 200 at Merthyr, Bishop Tutu joined them in the anthem of the African National Congress. Many of the choir — not male voice, but a mixed group of men and women formed during the miners' strike — remained seated when the hall rose for God Save the Queen. But everyone stood for the Welsh national anthem, Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau. Such new answers are the stuff of legend.

'It is still possible for us to move back from the edge of a precipice if the international community is prepared to intervene decisively', Bishop Tutu told the crowd at Builth Wells. 'Please tell your government to apply sanctions immediately.'

Road signs in South Africa warning 'Natives cross here' have been amended, we heard, to read 'Natives very cross here.' In Wales the slogan most often encountered is simply 'Get Rid of Maggie'. If an often parochial labour movement can respond to the pleas of anti-apartheid campaigners, perhaps it will find it easier to act on its own slogans. □

AFRICA

WHY FAMINE?

Sport Aid asks 'who runs the world?' DIPAK NANDY points the finger

THE ETHIOPIAN famine is over. We have had the opportunity to acquire some invaluable lessons — an insight into the nature and causes of famine, the difficulties of emergency relief, the need for fundamental policy changes in our international institutions so as to improve the terms of trade, to provide more aid, to direct aid so as to encourage food self-sufficiency in the afflicted countries (and the next ones in line), to give them incentives to concentrate on food crops, to prevent deforestation and the encroachment of the desert, to adopt technologies appropriate to their environment and their people (technically called 'environmentally sound and appropriate technology' by the UN).

But have we — in the West — our governments and our mighty international institutions like the IMF — actually learnt any of these lessons? Not a bit. The famine I am talking about is the Ethiopian famine of 1972-74 which is estimated to have killed some 200,000 people. Ten years had elapsed when Michael Buerk sent in his first report on the famine of 1984. It had already been raging for close on two years. In the intervening decade, we had learnt nothing, and we had done nothing.

In fact what happened in those 10 years was the emergence of a triangle of disaster — *Poverty-Debt-Famine*. Famine strikes at the poorest of the poor in poor countries: the rural rather than the urban population, and landless labourers in particular. The poor countries of the Third World are poorer today, and to their burden of poverty has been added the burden of debt.

In 1985 the sub-Saharan countries had a total foreign debt of some $130 billion. Between 1970 and 1983 Ethiopia's public debt increased from $169m. to a staggering $1.2 billion and interest payments from $6 m. to $24 m. And the IMF's latest estimate is that the debt burden of the poorest countries will persist into the 1990s. The debt-ratio of sub-Saharan Africa (i.e., its total external debt as a percentage of its exports) rose from 120.0 in 1977 to 230.7 in 1985. The World Bank in its Report for 1985 considers two scenarios for the decade 1985-95. The optimistic or 'High' scenario requires the reduction of trade barriers in the West, rapid growth of exports from developing countries accompanied by expanded capital flows together with more aid for low-income countries: in short as utopian a collection of assumptions as it is possible to envisage.

Even on those assumptions the prospects for sub-Saharan Africa can only be described as devastating. The average annual percentage change in GDP per capita for low-income African countries looks as follows:

1960-73	1973-80	1980-85	1985-95	
			High	Low
1.2	-0.1	-1.7	-0.1	-0.5

(World Bank, World Development Report 1985)

AT THE BEST of times, these countries survive on the edge of disaster. It takes only a tiny nudge to topple them over the brink into catastrophe.

Famine is not willed by God or caused by nature. Famine is *man-made*. In Ethiopia famine came because, it is said, there was too little rain. In Bangladesh in 1973 it came because there was too much. These are convenient, comfortable explanations which explain nothing.

I grew up as a boy in the middle of one of the worst famines this century — the great Bengal famine of 1942-43. The harvest of 1943 was 13 per cent *higher* than in 1941 when there was no famine. In Ethiopia in 1973, the decline in crop output was 7 per cent. A decline of 7 per cent in food production is a *problem* — it is not a *famine*. What is more, in Ethiopia in 1973, in Bangladesh in 1974, food was actually being *exported* from the worst affected regions to the markets of Addis Ababa and Dacca. The poor starved, not because nature had deprived them of food, but because they had no entitlement to the food that was there. The market does not recognise *need* — it only respects the ability to pay.

In 1970 the members of the United Nations pledged 0.7 per cent of their GNP to overseas aid. The closest Britain came to it was 0.52 per cent in 1979. Since then it has slumped to 0.33 per cent.

In any case, the priorities of poor countries are distorted in the name of assistance. The government of Guinea Bissau had to ban the local sale of groundnuts so that they could be exported to the EEC, where they were fed to dairy cattle, which then created a milk-lake. Part of the surplus milk was then exported back as food aid to Guinea Bissau (Oxfam report). That is the character of our official generosity.

It is based on a view of the Third World whose most consistent exponent is the IMF. It holds — as Hemingway observed of the rich to Scott Fitzgerald — that poor countries are just like rich countries, except that they happen to be poor, and that their route to salvation is to adopt the same policies which it routinely recommends in the West — cut-backs in public expenditure, control of inflation rather than economic growth, concentration on production for export markets coupled with damping down domestic consumption. That is what the IMF means when it uses the word 'adjustment' in many low-income Third World countries.

What it means in reality is that, for example, central government expenditure in sub-Saharan Africa on health declined from 6.2 to 5.3 per cent. In Ethiopia the number of doctors per 100,000 was 1.43 in 1965 and 1.43 in 1985. (The comparable figures for Cuba over the same period, to be provocative, was a rise from 86.96 doctors per 100,000 to 138.89).

Investment in health and education are crucial to a serious development strategy for the Third World: cutting *these* is what is meant by 'sound domestic adjustment' in IMF-speak. It never seems to have occurred to them that the economic path of the Third World must of necessity be different from that of the industrialised West. Without that kind of expenditure there can be no sustainable programme of growth and self-sufficiency. Given the rate of population growth, most of these countries need growth rates of GDP in the region of 6-7 per cent just in order to stand still. But that route is blocked off by 'adjustment'.

Put plainly, the ability of Third World governments to reduce public expenditure, freeze or reduce the real earnings of the mass of their people, and yet maintain some semblance of democratic polity, is negligible. The consequence is — has been — political turmoil, coups, civil wars. When there is drought or flood their ability to cope is nil. They have been prescribed a recipe for disaster.

One can confidently state there will be another famine, somewhere in the Third World, most likely in Africa, before the end of 1987. It will be blamed on climatic failure, or overpopulation, or corrupt governments in the Third World — everything except the real causes. Famines *occur* in the Third World — but their *causes* are to be found not a million miles from where we sit. When the next one comes, we ought to insist that the TV camera crews and reporters are sent, not to Africa or Asia, but to Washington DC, London, Paris, Brussels. They are much more likely to find the explanation of famine there. □

This article was prepared as a talk for Channel 4.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIA

Last tycoons buy up the limelight

MANDY MERCK

THE MEDIA STORY of the month has been the Cannon Group, who managed to buy Thorn EMI's Screen Entertainment division the week before they launched an extremely picturesque performance at an otherwise featureless Cannes.

With their terror-crazed American counterparts exiled by fear itself, the 38-strong tracksuited contingent headed by Menahem Golan and cousin Yoram Globus were the toast of the fortnight, trumpeting achievements that included, *inter alia*, installing toilets in Italian cinemas. Omnibus got the pictures, Newsweek got the cover story and both the British trade press and Fleet Street got stuck into the amazing rise of the Go-Go boys, who were once barred from jury service at the very confab now dubbed the Cannon Film Festival.

As a media event about a media event (my favourite kind), this one was Israeli Horatio Alger: a schmaltz to stardom storyline in the tradition of the legendary Jewish-American showmen. And it keyed in nicely to the current trend in cinema commentary, which has recently switched its attention from the director to the producer. As fewer films get made for more money, the deal is now the thing, and who has escaped the accounts of the complex co-production of *Absolute Beginners*, or the overspend on *Revolution*? But despite its new economic bias, such film reporting maintains its preoccupation with biography, in this case playing up the colourful, indeed 'Goldwynesque', principals rather than the financial background.

As I understand the latter, the Cannon Group now enjoys the following advantages:

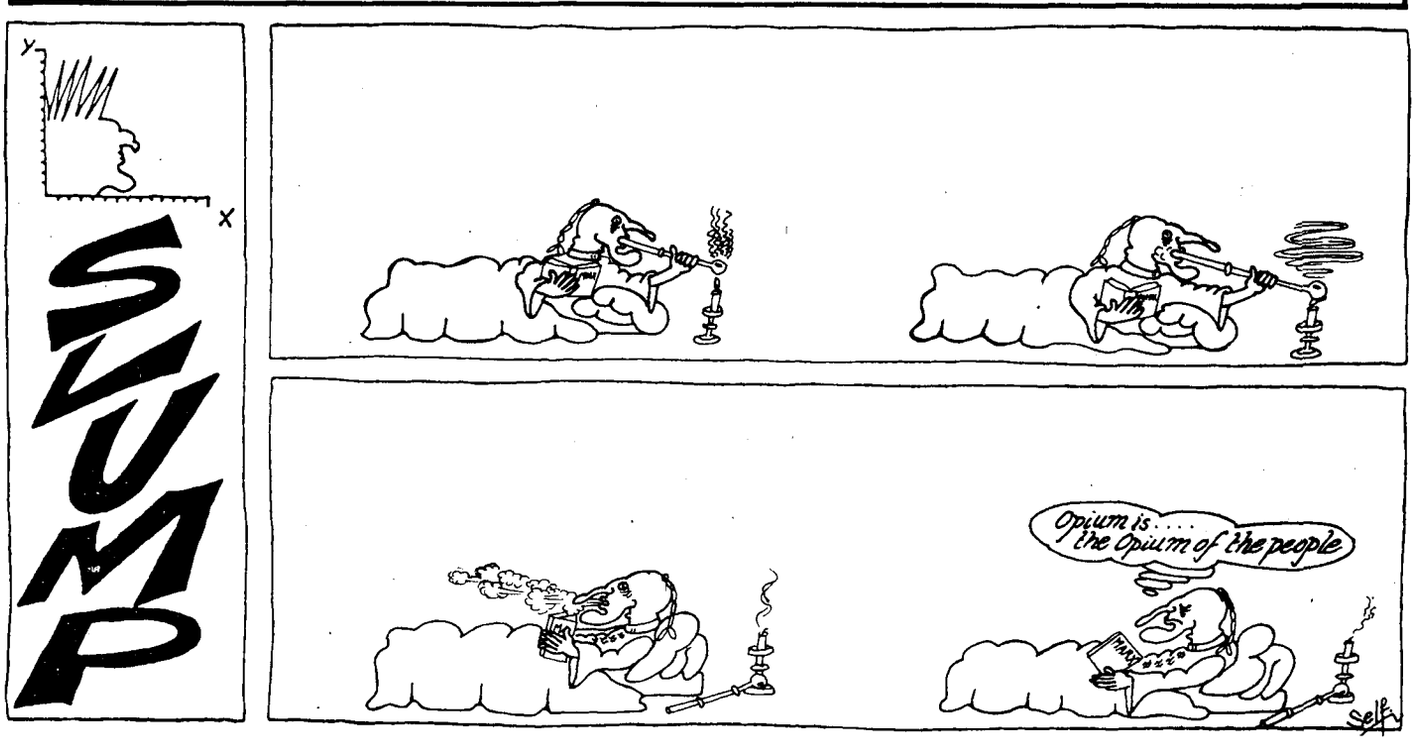
- a Hollywood base without a Hollywood studio, thus operating in film's biggest business community without its overheads or union rates;
- substantial production facilities in cheaper countries, notably the high-tech UK and sunny Israel;
- access to enough production capital to offer directors opportunities to make *films*, rather than endless forays to illusory backers. They thus cut out that ubiquitous fixer (*pace* Verity Lambert) the independent producer;
- the biggest volume of production in Hollywood (30 pictures next year), mostly cheap action and horror features targetted at the young audience which still goes to the cinema, garnished with a classier A-range attracting the likes of Coppola/Godard/Resnais, as well as Al Pacino, Alan Bates and Placido Domingo.
- and thus, the means to attract cinema stars to their television projects. Big names who would not normally touch TV are lured by the promise of joint TV/film contracts.
- oh yes, and cinema chains in the US, Holland, Italy and Germany, not to mention 39 per cent of UK exhibition.

Call them the Last Moguls if you will, but the tycoons of yore could only have marvelled at a system which combines the production line volume and control of the old studios with all the cost-cutting devices of post-war production. Then add the possibilities for 'vertical integration', bringing production, distribution and exhibition into one enterprise — a practice forbidden to the Hollywood majors in US anti-trust judgements of the '40s, but now making a comeback under the more relaxed supervision of the Reagan regime. (The most notable beneficiary of this new deregulatory climate being one Rupert Murdoch, who now combines ownership of Twentieth Century Fox with an incipient 'fourth network' of US television, as well as cable and satellite.)

Cannon's worldwide operations, which last year ranked only 10th in Hollywood with profits of $15 million, don't begin to rival Murdoch's, who paid $575 million for Fox alone. But their progress up the same intrepid ladder did cause concern here when the group made its first bid for Screen Entertainment last December. Then it was fended off by an ultimately unsuccessful attempt at a management buy-out.

This month's deal nets Cannon 287 screens in the UK, Elstree Studios, a worldwide video distribution company and a substantial film library — in effect, that part of the British industry which isn't mostly owned by Rank. Local duopoly ownership has been an unhappy fact of British cinema since the '30s, ironically enabling US investment to play a creative outsider's role.

To calm local fears, the cousins flew in from Cannes on 22 May with a resuscitation plan for the British industry — a £10 million investment fund, 50 per cent to be contributed by UK exhibitors, distributors and production companies, 50 per cent by the government. As a gesture of good faith, Cannon promised an additional £1 million per year each to three recent British film school graduates. Birdshot, perhaps, from a company that recently contracted $12 million to Sylvester Stallone for a single picture, but proof that even the new buccaneers of the British cinema recognise that it cannot survive without subsidy. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Anne Smith

Edinburgh

Spring-cleaning my notebook, I came across some eavesdroppings. Three men in camel coats in the lounge bar of a hotel in the West End of London. One had just insisted on a receipt on hotel notepaper for £4.15 for three drinks. As he waited for the barman to return with this, he continued his conversation: 'He wants to borrow money from me. £3.5 billion.' One of his companions advised in the sage, realistic tone businessmen use when they talk about large sums of other people's money: 'Tell him to go to the bank. If he cannot get money from a bank don't lend him a penny. That's what banks are for. Ring them up. If they won't lend you money you're no good. That's the principle.' There was a bit more of this profound stuff till the receipt arrived, then the potential lender rose with: 'Come on — no time to lose. We've got eight and a half hours' gaming ahead.' The receipt went carefully into his wallet.

○

I've three more snippets. The first I can't for the life of me place. Somebody said it somewhere, but it looks like the beginning of a Radio 4 morning story — or do I mean a Pinter play? — 'At the end of the war the doctor syringed my ears . . .' The second is a comment from a woman on a bus-tour of the Isle of Jura. Three deer stood with their backsides towards the bus windows. In an accent that might have been a caricature of Glasgow's Kelvinside, were it possible to caricature the Kelvinside accent, a woman remarked, 'That's *very* rude of those animals, isn't it?' and looked around for us to applaud her moral tone. She herself had a face like a deer's backside.

○

Then there was the neurotic spinster of tradition. I choose the word 'spinster' carefully: she was definitely a throwback. She'd worked for years in a London office. One day a glamorous young female was appointed as her assistant. Inevitably, it wasn't long before the spinster noticed that the g.y.f. was getting better treatment. This she put down to the assistant's 'obvious' promiscuity. 'It's not fair,' she protested, ' — after I have kept myself pure for all those years!' This set me to wonder when purity — presumably *sc.* virginity — ceases to be an asset and starts to be a liability. Then I realised how it dates me to wonder at all. Feminists take note: she actually expected her boss to recognise and appreciate that she was a virgin. There was a time, my daughter, many moons ago, when youth and virginity were synonymous.

○

Still with the superior sex . . . I went into a hairdresser's to book an appointment. A foul unrecognisable smell hung in the air. Enquiry elicited the information that it was the wax they melt down for the removal of body hair. Summer's icumen in and bikini lines will be even lower this year, necessitating the widespread waxing of pubic areas. Tempts me to start a Campaign Against the Removal of Pubic Hair, on the grounds of dehumanisation. Some of our sisters, brought up with Barbie dolls, get more like the things every year.

○

I myself have taken up knitting. So what sez you, but I assure you that it is little short of a revolution in the character of one who had knitting lessons at school every week for eleven years and in all that time only produced one lone lorn kettle-holder, 60 per cent of which was knitted by the teacher. I thought that now the Women's Movement has come so far it might be safe to reveal this domestic side to my nature. Unfortunately I have also discovered a rare talent for reversing in the middle of a row, increasing unintentionally, and inventing strange stitches with a casualness that astonishes my mentor. The propensity for hole-making, too, is as strong in me now as it was in childhood.

○

Speaking of childhood, it will surprise me, if no one else, should the present TV generation not grow up into as prime a set of wimps as the world has ever seen. I write the occasional playlet for children's TV, and the list of what you must not show on screen is depressing. You can't even have a chair collapsing under an actor, for example. As if that were not bad enough, in the last script I wrote, the producer substituted a Red Indian for a miner. Children down south, he explained, might not know at first glance what a miner is. On the other hand, I suppose, they see Red Indians every day. Is there a media conspiracy to obliterate all memory of the miners?

○

Another little mystery. A friend of mine who was dismissed from a social work department, fought her case with a highly suspect and useless firm of lawyers (and God knows, dear reader, there's a lot of them about), lost but was told in public by the Director that if she re-applied any time she would be favourably considered for another post, now finds that the social work department involved automatically sends her letters of rejection even when she has not applied for its advertised vacancies, so keen are they not to have her on their staff.

○

If you want to confront yourself and consider the way the world is, you don't need to go to India. Do what Orwell did, go to Jura. One intriguing fact from my bus tour there stays with me. Jura is a deer-stalking island, much favoured in the season by the Germans, who go to shoot the extremely tame deer and take their heads home. It is also favoured by French sportsmen, but the French prefer to stalk the wild goats. I wonder what differences in national character this indicates?

ROGER WODDIS

Let them eat steak

'The country has never had as good a time as it has today.' — Lord Young, the Employment Secretary

When the disaffected tell us
  Life for most of them is hard,
Lecture them for being jealous —
  And increase your bodyguard.
Never roast the smiling villain
  Who can boast a ready tongue:
If you ever liked Macmillan,
  You are bound to love Lord Dung.

Never call the man an arsehole,
  Or resent his loaded plate.
(God designed the rich man's castle —
  Sod the poor man at his gate).
Never be a panic-monger,
  As the jobless figures climb:
Even those now facing hunger
  Never had as good a time.

Never call the hardest-bitten,
  Be they penny-plain or pearled,
Hardly fit to govern Britain,
  Let alone to run the world.
Love the lord who finds it wearing
  Living on the lowest rung:
Oh, how noble is his bearing!
  Oh, how caring is Lord Dung!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE RIGHT RIDES ALONE

Camera Press

The Boers, who (unlike the whites of Zimbabwe) have been in Africa for 300 years, are threatened by Black insurrection, disowned by Holland and have nowhere to go

The rise of far Right politics is splitting the racial unity of the Afrikaners, reports CHRISTOPHER WILSON

Johannesburg

AS THE POLICE first stood by, and only later intervened, the reformist National Party suffered a rare and ironic humiliation at Pietersburg last week. The bully boys of the extreme right-wing Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging (Resistance Movement) gave them a taste of the same strong-arm tactics South African President P. W. Botha used years ago to help the Nationalist Party rise to power in 1948.

The vehemence of the far-right backlash has stung the South African government and complicated Botha's plans to press on with a tentative programme to overhaul apartheid. The West is used to South Africa's stubbornly defiant responses to its criticisms of apartheid. But mounting world hostility, economic deterioration and the spreading insurrection in black townships have given the nation's heavily-outnumbered 4.8 million whites reason for some introspection.

As the country edges closer to chaos, the tension has produced new divisions among the whites, blurred the traditional political lines between English and Afrikaans speakers and splintered Afrikaner unity. This fragmentation is encapsulated in a single Afrikaans word with particularly bitter connotations: *Broedertwis* — a fight among brothers.

Scarcely two months before the Pietersburg confrontation, the well-armed militants of the ultra-right were widely regarded as the lunatic fringe — a sideshow overshadowed by South Africa's black-white struggle. Now they threaten the ruling party's ability to hold political meetings in large parts of the country.

Analysts like Willem Kleynhans, head of the Political Science Department at the University of South Africa, believe that the far right-wing parties — the Conservative Party and the Herstigte Nasionale Party — would probably fail in a bid to seize power in an election, but if they band together they could destroy the National Party's 38-year-old domination of white politics — assuming the semblance of a democratic order holds.

The Conservative Party, founded after the last general election in 1981, has 17 seats and can count on the Herstigte's one against 117 held by the National Party. But the numbers mask growing support for groups like the Weerstandsbeweging and the Afrikaner Volkswag (people's guard) headed by Carel Boshoff, the former leader of the Broederbond, a secret society dedicated to Afrikaner supremacy. They also ignore a strong far Right element in the army and police force, which is very close to the levers of power.

Since the Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging openly advocates violence, the fact that it has many sympathisers within the police force is of major concern to the government. Its leader, Eugene Terre'Blanche, actively encouraged his members to join police reserve forces earlier this year and provoked a violent reaction from police generals who vowed to keep the Weerstandsbeweging out of its ranks; membership must now be secret.

While they place great emphasis on maintaining separate identities, the umbrella groups of the far Right share the common aim of white supremacy. The Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging, which now claims a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

membership of 100,000 has often shared political platforms with the Herstigtes and the Conservative Party; the growing numbers of new members of far Right factions are often drawn from the more 'respectable' parties of the Right.

Already loose coalitions are forming. Earlier this year, the Conservative Party, headed by Andries Treurnicht, stepped aside in a by-election at the Orange Free State town of Sasolburg, to enable the Herstigte Nasionale Party to defeat the Nationalists and gain its only seat in parliament.

As the white supremacist movement burgeons, so too do its claims to represent the true face of Afrikanerdom. One of the rallying points of the far Right is an effort to label the National Party — which is seen as too moderate — as un-Afrikaner, as traitors to the people. 'Yankee Pik go home,' was the bizarre message to South Africa's foreign minister emblazoned on one Weerstandsbeweging banner at the Pietersburg meeting.

AS THE PRESSURE grows, Afrikanerdom seems to be tearing itself apart. The apartheid ideology appeared first to sag and then collapse in the 1970s not long after the death of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, the grand architect of the policy of the man who convinced the moralistic Afrikaner that separate but equal not only was justifiable, but right. The shell of the apartheid ship has remained, but it is floating rudderless, buffeted by events.

Many businessmen, academics and other *verlig* (enlightened) Afrikaners are struggling to rid themselves of what the nation's top Afrikaner businessman, Anton Rupert, described as 'apartheid's stinking corpse.' Increasingly desperate efforts to replace the ideology without losing political power has spawned a new breed of bureaucrat within the government. Cabinet members like Gerrit Viljoen, the minister of education and Chris Heunis, the minister of constitutional development and planning, are seeking not to abdicate power, but to find some formula for sharing it with other race groups without losing overall control.

Many of the old bastions of apartheid have tumbled, but the government seems confused and reluctant to make further reforms. Its elaborate political models for the future have become virtually incomprehensible and prone to failure because of outright Black rejection. The half-hearted concessions made have found no favour with blacks and given rise to the ominous white backlash. Pretoria's constitutional gyrations have also become bogged down in a stalemate on the central issue of power sharing with the nation's 24 million blacks.

Superficially, the rift in white politics is between supporters of the administration's effort to find a shared solution to the post-apartheid dilemma and those opposed. South Africa does have its liberals in the ranks of the mainly English Progressive Federal Party, but they have little real political clout and seem to be floundering. Earlier this year the party's leader, Frederik Van Zyl Slabbert, abruptly stalked out of parliament, citing political impotence and frustration at the snail's pace of change as reasons for his resignation.

South Africa's Anglos, many of them professionals with foreign passports, are leaving the country in droves to take up job offers in the United States, Britain and Australia in what is scornfully referred to as 'the chicken run'. The remainder, their numbers swelled by ex-Rhodesians and refugees from the former Portuguese colonies tend to support the government's efforts to cling to power.

Unlike the whites of Zimbabwe, the Afrikaners who make up 60 per cent of South Africa's white population, see themselves rooted in Africa after 300 years on the continent — a white tribe. There are few precedents anywhere for a ruling group giving up power voluntarily and a group like the Afrikaners, which no longer has ties with its European home — Holland has disowned its offspring — has nowhere to go and everything to fight for. Afrikaners have until now counted on unity in the face of adversity; events of the past few months have left them hurt and bewildered, as bitter rifts unexpectedly opened up.

'They're worse than kaffirs' (an insulting term for blacks) was the telling reaction of one National Party supporter after the Pietersburg brawl. 'They are barbarians. It's terrible that Afrikaners should behave like that.'

FOUR YEARS AGO, Breyten Breytenbach, a prominent Afrikaner writer, was in Pretoria central prison serving a long sentence for terrorism against the State. Last month he returned from exile in France to receive a literary award and delivered a stinging attack at the roots of Afrikaner religious and political philosophy, assailing their values as 'morally bankrupt'. Yet he was given a standing ovation by the Afrikaner audience at the prestigious Stellenbosch University.

The applause seemed to underline the Afrikaners' confusion, rather than suggest a real shift in political attitudes. Breytenbach is beloved by his fellow Afrikaners, despite being a complete renegade and a vicious critic of his people. He continues to write in Afrikaans; it is virtually impossible to explain his popularity to an outsider, as what he appeals to is the blood bond between Afrikaners — their first loyalty to the race, and only the second to their politics. Hence their bewilderment at splits in their ranks.

In a contrasting development last week Harald Pakendorf, long-time editor of *Die Vaderland*, an influential Afrikaans newspaper, was forced to resign after openly criticising police action in the townships and the soothing television news of the state-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation.

By unveiling a new constitution in 1984, Botha staved off the next general election which was due to be held last year. The National Party thus faces its next electoral test only in 1989. If he continues on his present path, Botha will be able to count only on moderate Afrikaners and the large numbers of English speaking voters who have swung over to support his reform programme. In the meantime, escalating Black resistance and shifting tides of white opinion polarise the country further into camps fighting for a future. □

AFGHAN BREAKTHROUGH

NOW IT'S UP TO REAGAN

KARAN THAPAR outlines the terms of a possible deal. But will America accept a 'modified' pro-Soviet regime in Kabul?

A SUDDEN SCURRYING of diplomats this week heralded a possible breakthrough in the Afghan crisis, now dragging into its sixth year. On Monday the seventh round of talks on Afghanistan at Geneva 'went into suspension'; the Pakistani and Afghan negotiators will be reporting back into their American and Soviet counterparts, respectively, with a view to meeting again in July to hammer out the final details of the agreement.

Since the night in December 1979 when the Russian army crossed the undefended borders of Afghanistan and toppled the government that purportedly invited it in, the Afghan crisis, as it has come to be known, has become one of the most unsavoury episodes in international affairs. Nearly four and a half million refugees, constituting some quarter of Afghanistan's population, have sought shelter in neighbouring Pakistan and Iran, while, according to at least one estimate, perhaps as many as 500,000 have died within the beleaguered country's borders. Afghanistan itself is divided by civil war, its major cities controlled by the Soviet-backed 'People's Democratic' regime while the vast majority of the countryside is in the equally unsettling grip of a fractured and unrepresentative Mujahideen, also influenced by outside agencies.

During this time efforts have been made by the indefatigable Diego Cordovez of the United Nations to find a solution that will facilitate the return home of the Soviet Army and the restoration of peace and stability in Afghanistan. He has co-ordinated indirect talks between the Afghan government, which also represents the Soviet Union's interests, and that of Pakistan, which speaks for both the Mujahideen and their supporters, most particularly the United States. These negotiations have so far been held in the shadows of diplomacy and their substance has largely escaped the attention of the world's press.

THE UNITED NATION'S negotiators set themselves the task of securing a package deal comprising four separate but inter-related agreements. Two of these are to be between the governments of Afghanistan and Pakistan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rex Features

Mujahideen: Afghan holy warriors, Muslim fundamentalists sponsored by a 'fundamentalist' US Administration

They are to focus on the voluntary return of the Afghan refugees and the cessation of all interference or intervention in the internal affairs of Afghanistan from the territory of Pakistan. The third is a set of guarantees from the two superpowers. The fourth will determine the date and timetable of the proposed Soviet withdrawal.

By the end of 1985 most of his package had been agreed. Both superpowers had also signalled their willingness to act as guarantors. All that was left was agreement on the fourth clause. This meant that as far as the UN peace process was concerned, the issue was reduced to whether the Afghans would table an acceptable date and timetable for the withdrawal of Soviet troops and whether it would be adhered to.

At this point, seemingly within sight of a conclusion, the UN process began to unravel itself. The Afghans insisted that they would only discuss the Soviet withdrawal at face-to-face talks whilst the Pakistanis refused to participate in such direct negotiations. That, of least, was how both sides put it. What, in fact, they actually meant was quite different. For underlying their positions was the larger question of whether a Soviet withdrawal was sufficient for a solution or whether a change in the Afghan regime was also necessary.

The Afghans believed that it was sufficient and that is why they insisted on direct talks. They hoped that the Pakistanis would thereby have been forced to accept the survival of the present government after the Russians marched out. However, the Pakistanis, and more importantly the Americans, were not yet prepared to close their options on the Afghan regime they would recgonise. So they refused to meet face to face.

IT WAS AT THIS juncture that Mr Gorbachev made his mark and opened a new

STUDENT OFFER!

GET NEW STATESMAN
ALL SUMMER
FOR LESS THAN A FIVER!

If you're a student you can have the *New Statesman* mailed to you at any UK address for 13 weeks at the special summer rate of £4.95.

It works out at *less than 40p a copy*, saving £6.75 on shop prices.

For an extra 30p a week we'll even send your copy to an overseas address, or follow you round on your travels if that's what you want.

Just complete the form and return it with your payment. No stamp is needed.

This offer is open to full-time students only and closes on 31 July 1986.

Please send me the NEW STATESMAN for 13 weeks wherever I am. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £4.95 plus 30p for each week abroad.

Name.....
Mail to these addresses on these dates

Dates

from.....to.....

Address.....

.....

from.....to.....

Address.....

.....

from.....to.....

Address.....

.....

College.....

Subject.....

Final year.....

Send to: **Subscriptions Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EB**

SS6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chapter in the talks. This February, at the Communist Party Congress, he publicly declared his commitment to a Soviet withdrawal 'in the nearest possible time'. In March he went one step further and rescinded his stand on direct talks. Instead, Cordovez was given a draft of the Soviet withdrawal plan and allowed to show it to the Pakistanis. As a result the technical deadlock over how the details of this plan would be negotiated was broken. The May talks took place on an indirect basis.

Now the question is: will the May talks produce a mutually acceptable Soviet withdrawal and will it be sufficient for a solution? It seems that Gorbachev has staked his diplomatic credibility on the offer and will therefore propose a reasonable schedule of withdrawal of Soviet troops. However, that will still leave a pro-Soviet regime in charge which may not be accepable to the Pakistanis — or perhaps, more importantly, to the Americans. That could prove to be a sticking point until either the Russians agree to get rid of the regime (which they won't) or until the Americans accept they have to live with it (which they show no signs of). At this more fundamental level all that Cordovez's efforts can hope to achieve is to strip the issue of its diplomatic wrapping down to its essential conundrum, which is: has the time come for the Americans to compromise?

AS YET THERE are precious few indications that Washington has awoken to the fact that the Afghan ball could soon be in its court. The American refusal to countenance the peace terms on offer could seem considerably less moral and righteous than at present. For then a refusal to accept a Soviet withdrawal would amount to a determination to inflict further suffering on the Afghans themselves simply because the deal does not accord with the Reagan Administration's new muscular view of the world. A policy to fight the Russians to the last Afghan.

The Soviets, for their part, are making every effort to ensure that America will not have an easy time of it when it has to come to a decision. They have begun a process of 'modification' of the Afghan regime to advance its chances of independent survival once they withdraw. In so doing they are also increasing its prospects of future acceptability. They have sought to broaden the regime's base to non-Communist Party members, by increasing the involvement of the clergy and by adopting softer policies towards the alienated border tribes.

Their new policies have a long way to go before they yield results. But if this process is pursued seriously, to the extent of involving some of the less fundamentalist Mujahideen factions, it might not only provide an Afghan government that will survive a Russian withdrawal, but one which could also prove very appealing to the Pakistanis. But will the Americans accept it? No doubt such a government will not to be to their liking — just as it won't be to the Soviet Union's full satisfaction — but that could be the cost they both have to pay for a lasting solution. It could, however, prove acceptable to the Afghan people themselves — which is what really ought to count. □

GOADING GADAFY

TIT FOR TAT ACROSS THE MED

Italy is under pressure to break with its former colony. AMANDA MITCHISON assesses Craxi's dilemma over economic ties with Libya

Rome

ITALY'S EXPULSION last week of a further eight members of the Libyan diplomatic corps brings the two countries nearer to a complete breakdown in relations and demonstrates that Prime Minister Bettino Craxi, under pressure from the Reagan Administration, is finally hardening his stance against Libya. In retaliation, Colonel Gadafy threatened to destroy NATO's base on Lampedusa, which the Libyans bombed during the Gulf of Sidra crisis, saying it was an 'intelligence and spying' base for the Sixth Fleet. The Comiso cruise missile base has accordingly been put on alert.

At the time of the Gulf of Sidra crisis, Italian diplomacy took a much milder tone against Colonel Gadafy and the bombing of Lampedusa was met with only a note of protest. But after the Tokyo summit, after Gadafy singled out Italy for special threats, and after 25 Itaian diplomats were expelled, Craxi's stand against Libya has become more aggressive and determined.

He now claims that Italy 'will react militarily to any threat of attack' and defence minister Giovanni Spadolini has even suggested setting up an international watchdog force for the Mediterranean. Spadolini's opponent – and traditionally the most important Italian government supporter of Gadafy – foreign minister Giulio Andreotti has been curiously silent about the Libyan question and will probably remain so while he consolidates his position within the Christian Democrat party, which is this week holding its annual conference.

Italy's well-established economic and social ties with Libya – financially important for both countries – are becoming very fraught. At the end of April, Libya expelled over 50 Italian workers and in the last four weeks some 2,000 Italians have left of their own accord. Libyans in Italy who are considered 'suspicious' or whose documents are not in order are being forced to leave the country.

'It's a mess,' said an exasperated Palestinian journalist in Rome. 'The Libyans are furious. It's not as if the Sixth Fleet comes from thin air, it uses Livorno, Naples . . . the Libyans are cutting ties, no longer sending their people over here for medical treatment. Arab diplomats believe Libya is very likely to cut off diplomatic ties. It may be against Libyan interests to do so, but the country isn't sensibly ruled. Look what happened with Britain', he added, referring to the shooting of WPC Fletcher.

IN A SMEAR campaign that damages Italy almost as much as Libya, magistrates and the press here are suddenly discovering reciprocal 'infiltration' and murky financial deals between the two countries. Libya has alledgedly helped both the Red Brigade (whose members say they received help from Palestinian terrorist groups) and right-wing terrorists, while during the 1970s Licio Gelli, head of the P2 Masonic lodge, organised Libyan oil sales with Argentina.

Ambrogio Viviani, former head of military counter-intelligence and ex-member of the P2, has recently testified that in the early 1970s his agents warned Gadafy of coup attempts, trained his secret services and wrote them instruction manuals. The CIA has complained that it didn't know of this co-operation, though it must have been aware of Italy's extensive arms deals with Libya; in 1976 Washington accused Italy of breaking a US sales embargo, after a NASA spy satellite detected NATO 'Leopard' tanks in the Libyan desert.

Roughly a quarter of Libya's foreign investment is in Italy and some is in areas now considered sensitive, such as publishing houses, radio and television stations and in particular strategically important property holdings. Libyan interests own a large part of Pantelleria Island, home of an American radar network, and 30 per cent of Sardinia, where Libya allegedly has connections with the separatist movement MAS (Movimento Autonomista Sardo).

The largest single Libyan holding in Italy is a 13 per cent Fiat share, valued at $2.5 billion. For this reason the American Congress has blocked a Fiat contract to sell 178 Fiat-Allis tractors to the American armed forces, and the Libyan stake is likely to jeopardise Fiat's chances of winning contracts under the Reagan 'Star Wars' programme. Libya is of course showing no sign of selling out of Fiat, whose net profits doubled last year.

Libya's slowness in paying back debts to Italy is also causing tension. As Libya's economic situation deteriorates, the lag has increased and in March this year Libya had $870 million outstanding to Italian creditors. In 1985 currency transfer were delayed from three to up to nine months and an arrangement allowing Libya to pay for goods and services in oil has not functioned well.

Italy depends on Libya for much of its oil and, like the United States, will probably continue to work in the country albeit at a reduced level as relations worsen. Despite its shadow side, strong Libyan-Italian relations have been a positive force in stabilising the Mediterranean, which is one of the most volatile areas of the world. Colonel Gadafy has already proved that Italy is his first target and that Sicily's cruise missiles – ostensibly for use against the Soviets but in reality a permanent US threat against Libya and its allies in the Middle East – do not intimidate him. If Italy is to fulfil its ambitions as a Middle East peace negotiator, or calm the fears of its own population, Craxi must stop snapping at the Colonel's heels, and reach a political settlement. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Labour women come together

Rachel Lever, Women's Action Committee

Sarah Benton's write-up of the Labour Women's Conference (*NS* 23 May) was generally fair enough, but it missed out on important changes from recent years and thus gave a false view.

In previous years (especially Swansea '84 and Bournemouth '85) the differences in personal and political styles between the constituency and trade union women, which Sarah Benton describes, were overcome in the open acknowledgement of a common purpose. The two 'sides' voted solidly together for WAC's demands for more power for the women's conference.

At Swansea it was the NUPE delegation which 'misbehaved', issuing a leaflet calling on delegates to boycott Neil Kinnock's rally because the platform banner focused on the Euro elections and didn't say that it was a *women's* conference. At Bournemouth last year, it was COHSE that moved the WAC model resolution instructing the National Women's Committee to stage shadow elections for the NEC section. It was supported by most TU delegates.

The divisions that Sarah Benton describes are not therefore natural and inevitable. They manifested themselves this year for the first time since 1982, and one can only conclude (since WAC policies remain unchanged) that the U-turn by TU delegates is the result of a great deal of pressure from their organisations — i.e., from trade union men — to toe the line. Thus right at the start of Conference they were protesting that the Shadow Elections they had voted for last year were unconstitutional, and the ultra-right APEX and EETPU officials were able to organise a substantial boycott among women far removed from them politically.

In this atmosphere WAC's appeals for unity went unheeded. Yet only WAC has put forward concrete proposals that will give the union delegations a bigger stake in the women's conference — for a Rules Conference to bring in some form of block vote based on unions' women's membership, and for TU representation on the National Labour Women's Committee.

These policies (which the Women's Conference agreed some years ago) are surely more important than vague prejudices about WAC members being middle class and all living in London, neither of which are either true or relevant. We trust that they also offer a way forward to re-unite the Women's Conference.

Left in the lurch

Paul Flewers, Kingston-upon-Thames

Ian Holm's (sic) account of the Left Book Club (*NS* 16 May) did not really come to terms with one of the club's main activities in its pre-war zenith — that of acting as a mouthpiece for the Communist Party at a particularly odious juncture in its history. One can describe Hewlett Johnson's book *The Socialist Sixth of the World* as 'appallingly naïve' but this description (applicable also to its author) cannot be applied to Pat Sloan, Johnny Campbell and Dudley Collard and their respective apologies for Stalin's terror, *Soviet Democracy, Soviet Policy and its Critics* and *Soviet Justice and the Trial of Radek and Others*, all published by the LBC.

The Stalinists used the LBC specifically to boost their whitewash of the terrible purges and trials that were occurring in the Soviet Union in the late 1930s. More significant is that the LBC not only allowed itself to be used by the Stalinists but went along with the purge mentality. The LBC refused to publish Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* and even advertisements for Trotsky's works. Gollancz himself said that 'a Trotskyist book falls as obviously outside the scope of the Club's publications as does a Nazi or a Fascist book'. Using the language of the Stalinists he denied the right of the main target of Stalin's trials to defend himself.

The catastrophic defeats suffered internationally by the working class in the late 1930s are very much due to the policies of the communist and social-democratic parties. By closing its doors to Leon Trotsky, one of the few people who tried to uphold an independent working-class strategy through those gloomy days, the LBC played its little part in consigning the workers to defeat.

The Alphabetical Factor

Allan C. Mann, London SE18

In his analysis of the 8 May Local Council Elections, John Rentoul (*NS* 16 May) ascribes the fact that Enley Taylor polled 180 votes less than his fellow Labour candidate in the Earlsfield Ward, Wandsworth to his being Black and hence to racist abstentions among the electorate. An alternative, and possibly more likely explanation, is that many voters, especially Labour voters, appear to use only one of their two votes in two-councillor elections and to vote for the candidate whose name appears first on the ballot paper of the party of their choice.

In a quick analysis of the recent 29 two-councillor elections in the London Borough of Greenwich, the Tory and Alliance candidates whose name appeared first alphabetically on the ballot paper, polled higher votes than their running mate in 69 per cent and 72 per cent of the elections respectively. For the Labour candidates, this figure rises to an astonishing 93 per cent indicating that many Labour voters only use one of their two votes and vote for the candidate first on the list.

Although not mentioned in the article, could it be that Enley Taylor's running mate in Earlsfield ward had a surname beginning with a letter before T in the alphabet? I would also be grateful to hear from any political pollsters if they take account of this factor when analysing the results of two-candidate elections.

Stand up for Kitson

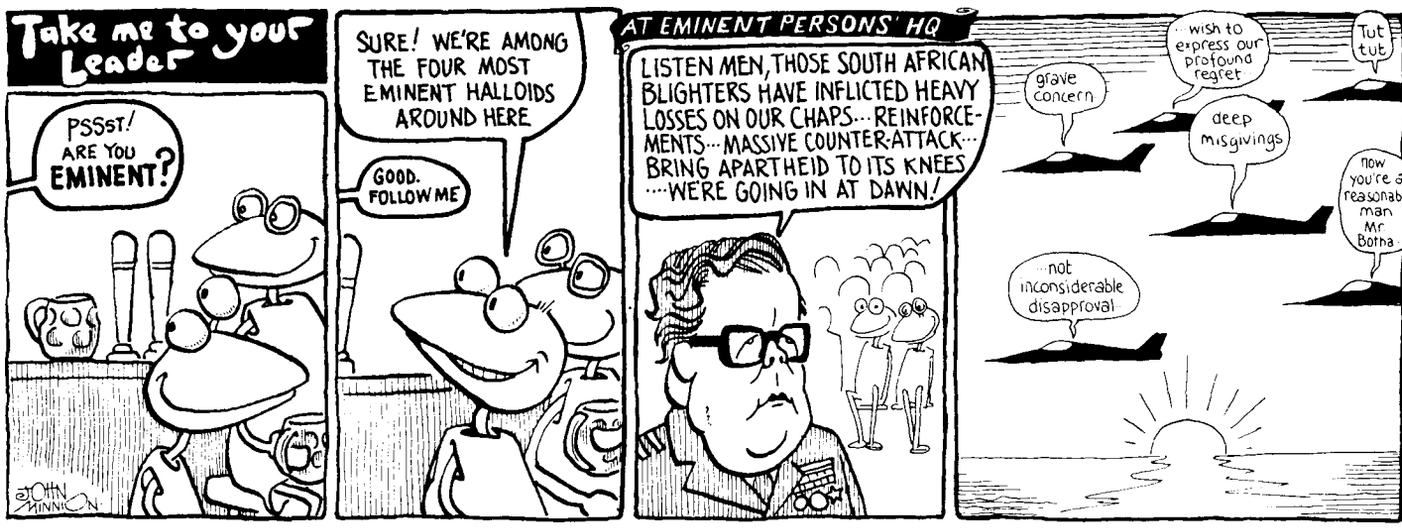
Deborah Potts, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London

The issue of TASS's threat to withdraw their funding of David Kitson's fellowship at Ruskin College (*NS* 16 May) is very worrying. Apart from showing a shocking lack of loyalty and humanity to a Union member of 37 years' standing, this threat has a number of significant implications in terms of Union independence and commitment to members, and academic freedom.

A Union should support its members without regard to their political opinions and affiliations. Yet TASS has gone further than this, and has allowed an external organisation to influence them to try and impose an active condition on their commitment to Mr Kitson: that he should make specific political statements. This is completely unacceptable and all Union members should take a stand against this type of interference.

One of the most crucial aspects of academic posts should also be that there is no question of conditions being imposed which relate to the individual's opinions and theoretical perspectives. The TASS directive is clearly seeking to impose just such a condition and is therefore also an attack on academic freedom.

David Kitson has demontrated his commitment to the cause of freedom in South Africa in a way few others can equal. Pressure must be put on TASS to stop this victimisation.


Take me to your Leader
PSSST! ARE YOU EMINENT?
SURE! WE'RE AMONG THE FOUR MOST EMINENT HALLOIDS AROUND HERE
GOOD. FOLLOW ME
AT EMINENT PERSONS' HQ
LISTEN MEN, THOSE SOUTH AFRICAN BLIGHTERS HAVE INFLICTED HEAVY LOSSES ON OUR CHAPS... REINFORCEMENTS... MASSIVE COUNTER-ATTACK... BRING APARTHEID TO ITS KNEES ....WE'RE GOING IN AT DAWN!
JOHN MINNION
grave concern
...wish to express our profound regret
Tut tut
deep misgivings
now you're a reasonable man Mr Botha
...not inconsiderable disapproval

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christine Roche

I AM THE WORLD

Men's clubs have been the origin of most political parties and, indeed most public life. Female friendship could provide women too with political purpose. But not, argues American feminist JANICE RAYMOND in her controversial new book, when women confuse compulsive private confessions for public reality

Because women have been the eternal victims of male tyranny, because survival has been the key focus of female existence and feminist political thought, because women have almost everywhere lacked involvement in and control over the political world in which we have lived, and because the world is man-made, many women have developed a dissociation from the world. Hannah Arendt, more than most philosophers, has discussed the concept of worldlessness. Arendt's notion of worldlessness, although originally developed and analysed in the context of the history of the Jews and of Judaism, has much relevance for women and feminism today.

Women in general have assumed a worldlessness almost by default, that is, by virtue of the passive and derivative positions into which they have been forced throughout history and in almost every culture. Other women, such as some feminist separatists, have made dissociation from the world a political ideal and reality. The difficulty in both cases is that when dissociation becomes a prominent mode of existence — as where women derive much of their meaning and reality from husbands, lovers, fathers, or male bosses, seldom experiencing the world directly, or as in the case of some separatists, who make dissociation the basis for affinity with other women — female existence becomes segregated from the rest of the world.

Philosophically this can make women narrow in vision; politically it can make them very vulnerable. Even radical and voluntary dissociation from the world,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

originally undertaken as a necessary and daring feminist political stance, can produce a worm's-eye view of the world that exposes women to attack. A major consequence of dissociation is that women can become ignorant of conditions in the 'real' world, conditions that may militate against their very survival.

In a world that views women as superfluous, that is, as not needed, marginal, unimportant, and to be dispensed with, women add to this superfluousness by dissociating themselves from the world. The more women dissociate, the more catastrophic the effect can be — the further women are removed from a definite share of what should be a common world, that is, a world held in common by all who inhabit it.

Let it be understood that I am not identifying dissociation with the necessity for women to live 'on the boundary' of hetero-relational society. Women will always be 'outsiders' to this culture, as Virginia Woolf and others knew. However, there is a worldless dissociation from patriarchy and a worldly dissociation. The dissociation that I criticise is not that of women coming together separately to then affect the 'real' world. Rather it is a dissociation that proclaims a withdrawal from that world.

It is a dissociation that is usually accompanied by a 'downward mobility' of mind and of money. It often creates an apathy toward political, intellectual, and financial existence as well as an apathy towards one's physical appearance which becomes a symbol of one's disregard for the man-made world. It behaves as if money and status are things that women already have (or could have if they wanted), can easily discard, and can easily replace. It calls upon 'patriarchy as excuse' to rationalise the inactions of not getting a job, not going to school, not taking economic and professional strides that would locate a woman in the 'real' world.

Dissociation excludes women from access to the world. It thus excludes women from power, money, and interaction with others, the most basic conditions of worldliness. Dissociation gives women the illusion that they can retreat into an undisturbed time and space where a semblance of freedom can be preserved. However, as Arendt has pointed out in *Jew as Pariah*, such a stance leads to 'the freedom and untouchability of outcasts.' The politically dissociated feminist plays the revolutionary in a community of other like-minded women but does not really impinge on the dominant male ethos. She remains an outcast from the world, not a rebel 'on the boundary' of it.

On the other hand, the dissociation from the world that is not chosen for consciously defined feminist reasons — an interpretation of the world that women largely derive from men — is reinforced by women's lack of knowledge about women as a common people. In contrast to other oppressed groups, women do not possess the past of a cohesive and self-conscious community with its own political traditions, philosophical vitality and history — or should I say that this past is one that most women know little about? The rootlessness of women in their own group identity as women contributes more than anything to the worldless, unrealistic, and non-political perception that many women have of the world. This rootlessness is responsible also for the lack of female friendship, the friendship that is truly 'Gyn/affective' — attachment of woman to woman — as a political virtue.

Dissociation from the world produces dissociation from women. It restricts Gyn/affection to a separate community created by withdrawing from the world. Thus it deprives Gyn/affection of its political power and makes of it a personal matter only. Women may acquire a strength that is sustained by radically chosen dissociation. However, as Hannah Arendt reminds us in *Men in Dark Times*, strength is not political power.

> . . . .strength and power are not the same . . . power arises only where people act together, but not where people grow stronger as individuals. No strength is ever great enough to replace power; wherever strength is confronted by power, strength will always succumb.

Women who dissociate from the world either by political choice or by involuntary derivative status must pay something in place of that world. Many have resorted to 'therapism', or therapy as a way of life.

The phenomenon of therapism, as it is manifested in the women's community, includes not only going into therapy and often staying there for years but making of one's relationships with women a therapeutic context. Therapism is an overvaluation of feeling. In a real sense, it is a tyranny of feelings where women have come to believe that what really counts in their life is their 'psychology'. And since they don't know what their psychology means, they submit to another who purports to know — a psychiatrist, counsellor, or analyst. In this sense, we might say that therapism promotes a psychological hypochondria with women as the major seekers of emotional health.

There are, of course, instances in which women justifiably seek help in a therapeutic setting. I am not criticising this genuine need. However, there seems to be little recognition given to the fact that therapy is becoming a way of life among women and that it is necessary to ask where the individual need for advice and counsel leaves off and the tyranny of feelings begins. It is remarkable that women who bemoan their lack of money for books, cultural events, and the like somehow obtain the money needed for weekly or biweekly therapy sessions. Feminist therapy is a booming business.

One reason for this is the premium placed on the disclosure of self. The disclosure of self has become the territory of therapy. It is a particular kind of disclosure, however, that employs a mechanistic model of building, adjusting, and tinkering with the self as though it is some external object in need of repair. It is a brand of disclosure that confuses genuine self-revelation with the perpetual manifestation of intimate feelings. Refusal to tell all is regarded as repressiveness, as a denial of one's inner self. And as a result, the women's movement, like society at large, has fast become a therapeutic society where self-exposure ranks as one of the highest virtues. Women must show and tell all. Little about body or mind can be mysterious. Thus women engage in massive psychological strip-teases that fragment and exploit the inner life. It is increasingly more difficult to lose one's job, health or lover without having to go into therapy about it.

Certainly people must be able to free themselves of torturous feelings, pent-up emotions, and troublesome trials. There may be times when women will seek out therapists for help. Just as there is a genuine need to share such feelings, there is also a need to protect and withhold. And the therapeutic context may not be the best place to share such feelings. Genuine self-revelation should not be confused with perpetual therapeutic manifestations.

Therapeutic manifestations have consequences far beyond the actual therapeutic setting. In *The History of Sexuality*, Michel Foucault put it this way:

> we have . . . become a singularly confessing society. The confession . . . plays a part in justice, medicine, education, family relationships, and love relations, in the most ordinary affairs of everyday life, and in the most solemn rites; one confesses one's crimes, one's sins, one's thoughts and desires, one's illnesses and troubles; one goes about telling with the greatest precision, whatever is difficult to tell.

These words make clear that psychology has created a new type of person — the human confessing animal. 'The obligation to confess', says Foucault, 'is so deeply ingrained in us, that we no longer perceive it as the effect of a power that constrains us; on the contrary, it seems that truth, lodged in our most secret nature, "demands" only to surface.'

Self-disclosure becomes equated with liberation. In this sense, therapy becomes a way of life that affects the way we speak, the way we think, and the way we relate to other people. As a way of life, expression of feelings becomes a kind of ritual proclaiming that expression alone,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

independent of the consequences, produces change in the person. Expression alone exonerates, purifies, and redeems.

In this context, Sara Scott and Tracey Payne, writing in the British radical feminist magazine *Trouble and Strife*, call therapy a 'mental laxative'. Emphasising therapy's preoccupation with the past, they maintain that therapy 'leaves us reaching constantly backwards into our own past experience rather than outwards to the experience of other women to find explanations for our lives. Once women find and *express* these past "blocks", supposedly women will be "whole" and "happy".'

The irony is that in an age that is obssessed with the revelation of self, true and deep subjectivity is hard to find. Hannah Arendt pointed out two reasons for this. First, psychological introspection annihilates the actually existing situation by dissolving it into mood. At the same time, it lends an aura of objectivity to everything that is subjective.

Second, in introspective self-disclosures, the boundaries between what is intimate and what is public become blurred. Intimacies are made public, and those who refuse to engage in the publicising of intimacy are viewed as uptight and repressed, in need of a psychological purging. The importance of feeling one's self feeling is the norm. Not the emotions themselves but the telling of emotions becomes definitive for reality.

What does all this have to do with female friendship? For many women, feminist therapy has become a substitute for female friendship. In a confessing society, friendship often becomes reduced to 'sorting myself out' and/or to co-counselling — literally or figuratively when women make of their relationships with other women a context for constant self-disclosure. Feelings become facts. Feelings also become matters of probing and preoccupying interest. Political matters are explored largely in the context of how one 'relates' to them. Ultimately, friendships of this nature become a form of gossip — gossip about one's self.

In therapism, what is missing is passionate exchange. The sharing of feelings predominates over the revelation of passionate truth. Mary Daly has made a crucial distinction between this kind of feeling and passion. She calls the former *plastic* or *pseudo-passions.*

> In contrast to real passions, plastic passions are free-floating feelings resulting in more and more disconnectedness/fragmentation. Since they are characterised by the lack of specific and nameable causes, or 'objects' they must be 'dealt with' endlessly in an acontextual way, or within a pseudocontext.

The breeding ground for therapism is the dissociative context in which many women live. When a woman becomes dissociated from the real world, even though that world is man-made and corrupt, events and people may more easily acquire a reality that is out of place. For example, a woman's self — not her deepest Self but the self that feels itself feeling — takes on a proportion that is wrongly sized. When this happens, the expression of feelings may become equal to or greater than, for example, the expression of political action or ideas. To take Virginia Woolf's famous words and use them in a different context, women then become 'magnifying mirrors' reflecting themselves back to themselves at a self-absorbed size.

The dissociative context of women in general, or that chosen by some feminist separatists, creates a dissociated 'community' that can become a totalistic environment which subjects those who inhabit it to homogeneous norms and values. As analysed by Robert J. Lifton, in *Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism*, totalistic environments usually succeed in claiming 'total ownership of each individual self within it. Private ownership of the mind and its products — of imagination or of memory — becomes highly immoral.'

Dissociation creates a kind of totalistic environment that subtly functions as an apparatus for constraining truth and fostering 'correct' behaviour by making total exposure the rule. Women who do not engage in perpetual manifestations of their feelings are judged wanting. Within such an environment, a woman is deprived of both external worldly information and internal reflection, both of which are necessary to maintain a sense of place in the real world and to preserve a Self separate from it.

The proliferation of therapism promotes the proliferation of women's private lives. In the beginnings of this current wave of feminism, there was much emphasis on 'the personal is political'. This was and still is a crucial feminist insight. It signalled that what had been relegated to the personal domain of a woman's existence — areas such as the family and sexuality — were areas of political consequence. The saying 'the personal is political' encapsulated the truth that such traditionally regarded personal areas of life, largely inhabited by women, could no longer be segregated out of the political arena. Indeed, areas such as the family and sexuality now came to be viewed as bastions of patriarchal power and as prime centres of sexual politics.

There have been many perversions of this original insight. 'The personal is political' has undergone reduction and misinterpretation. Many women took 'the personal is political' to mean 'the personal is public knowledge'. In this view, anything that is intimate, private, or personal becomes matter for the public domain. One of the latest versions of this is the movement called 'lesbian sado-masochism' in which, as Kathleen Barry has noted, the ultimate perversion of 'the personal is political' occurs.

> Whatever your 'feelings' or 'desires' are, because you are a woman, a lesbian, a feminist, does not legitimise asserting them as a *political* right . . . If we are to connect our personal experience or oppression to political strategy, this strategy must be based in certain identified values of what promotes and enhances human life over what objectifies it.

So-called lesbian sado-masochism has similarities to therapism in that it also arises in a context where expression of feelings is the norm, this time even the political norm. Denial of such feelings is seen as political repression. Thus liberation becomes equated not only with the freedom to follow one's feelings but with the campaign to create a political movement out of publicising those feelings.

There have been others who have criticised what they regard as perversions of 'the personal is political'. Not all of these critiques have been as astute as Barry's. Jean Bethke Elshtain's work is one example of a misfocused critique.' In an article in *The Nation* in 1979 Elshtain argues: 'Nothing personal is exempt, then, from definition, direction and manipulation — neither sexual intimacy, love, nor parenting . . . if politics is power and power is everywhere, politics is in fact nowhere.'

The problem, in my opinion, is not the politicising of personal life. It is the *publicising* of personal life. Nothing personal can be private. Nothing personal can be hidden from public scrutiny. The distortion resides in the fact that everything that is personal becomes publicly exposed under the rhetoric that 'the personal is political.' Thus, calling everything 'political' generates a ruse for making personal, subject to the public and collective judgment of the women's community.

Gyn/affection needs private space and time. This privacy is quite different from dissociation upon which therapism and relationism thrive, fostering the illusion of an undisturbed time and space separate from the world to which only 'the relations' have access. Rather, privacy fosters involvement in the world because it adds a quality of reflection to life and to the selection of friends — what Alice Walker has called the 'rigors of discernment'. Discernment helps us to regain perspective about our Selves and others. Without this habit of reflection, we lose the feel of our own Be-ing, the sense of integrity that makes us who we are. □

A Passion for Friends *is published by The Women's Press this week, price £5.95.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting it together

Jon Savage

Pop and politics are not unproblematic bedfellows — as two new accounts of their mating make clear

IT SEEMS MOST fitting to begin with a cautionary tale.

Last summer, the singer, guitarist and songwriter who, to many, epitomises the ideal of authenticity — being a real person singing real songs for real, working people — visited Britain. The fact that many people (and commentators) chose to invest Bruce Springsteen with these qualities was as much an index of their need as it was of the reality. For this apparently 'unmediated' rock star was boosted by a campaign — as CBS Records later admitted — of such brilliance and expense that most people were unaware of it.

And, in performance at Wembley, there were problems of meaning. The content of Springsteen's records (in particular, the sparse *Nebraska*), his masculine, no-bullshit demeanour and his actions — £15,000 donated to Miners' Support Groups during the 1985 tour — bespeak a traditional, sincere workerism. In America, he is usually perceived as critical of the Reagan administration. Yet, despite his intent, Bruce was also becoming the All-American boy: 'Bruce — the Rambo of Rock' ran a popular bumper-sticker.

Somewhere in Mid-Atlantic, the subtleties got lost. Springsteen was over here to tour his new record, ambiguously titled *Born In The USA*. The cover and all the promotional material had a mythic shot of the Bruce butt in front of a huge American flag. In the wastes of Wembley Stadium, the messages were simplified even further: Bruce Springsteen — with his four-square rock beat and simplistic, macho postures — seemed not so much a critique of America as a symbol of its cultural colonisation. It gave me a terrible headache.

This is obviously a matter of taste yet it raises several pertinent questions about the relationship of pop music to politics — with a big or a small 'p'. How are the good intentions of the most successful pop persons subverted by the distorting filter of the mass media and power politics, and how can they break through? How much is any meaning that pop music may have circumscribed by the method of it production (the music industry still being a proud bastion of *laissez-faire* capitalism)? In what way does pop communicate and what does it communicate? If it is different to the political process — which, in several key ways, it obviously is — how and why should the two meet? And is pop music — with its deep American roots — not, as Fredric Jameson has suggested in the *New Left Review*, the 'internal and superstructural expression of a whole new wave of American military and economic domination throughout the world'?

Considering these questions is enough to make you tear your hair out — or write a book. Pop's importance is that it occupies a complex, contradictory position in our society; it is irrevocably enmeshed with politics because of the palsied nature of many of our institutions: the artistic, literary and political establishments to name but three. Because of their atrophy, pop becomes an important locus of different types of energy: in particular, the impetus for change. Two brand new books — David Widgery's *Beating Time* (Chatto, £6.95) and John Street's *Rebel Rock* (Blackwell, £19.50 & £6.95) — attempt to explore the way in which this works. Although they both use the word 'rock' in their titles (which presupposes a certain idea of pop as having some kind of community and authenticity, which I would dispute), both are highly useful.

Drawing by Dan Jones from David Widgery's *Beating Time*

Widgery's book begins brilliantly with a quote from Colin MacInnes: 'we should stop trying to teach, and begin to learn again; from Africa and Asia as much as Russia and America'. An account of Rock Against Racism — an organisation with which Widgery was involved and which can justly claim credit for marginalising the National Front in the late 1970s — *Beating Time* (subtitled 'Riot 'n' Race 'n' Rock 'n' Roll') appears to be two different books.

The first half is a brilliant, exemplary account of the history and the physical conditions of British racism. Well illustrated — the design by Andy Dark and Ruth Gregory is worthy of mention — it could, and should, be a standard textbook. The second half begins with a description of the climate in summer 1976 and the political activism that used pop music as a springboard from which to confront, and defeat, British fascism in the shape of the National Front. This part is clear and cogently argued.

Widgery starts to get unstuck when he discusses pop aesthetics. It wouldn't be important except, as he admits himself, he is *using* pop — that's what it's there for — and, as a long-time politico, he is forced to engage it on its own terms. Pop music is necessarily full of contradictions: the physical and spiritual nature of music itself often reaches the part that neither logic nor argument can reach, and the Devil often has the best tunes. Widgery's own political background — late Sixties activism, the SWP — and the stark, black-and-white nature of the issue at the heart of RAR (that fascism must be fought until it is extirpated) lead him to try to steamroller these contradictions, but they entrap him.

Sometimes he admits it and I like him then: a discussion of Bowie's flirtation with fascism is followed, several pages later, by a picture of himself as 'some kind of Bowie Clone'. At other times, it undercuts his narrative, reducing the RAR story to a list of events. He can't understand McLaren's 'philosophy' when it was McLaren's creation of the Sex Pistols and, *de facto*, Punk Rock, that created the situation within which RAR could work. His comments about some independent music — 'artistically feeble and politically incomprehensible' — are simply wrong. The macho language of agitprop subverts the credit he pays to the feminist and gay movements. Most tellingly, he mentions RAR events in terms of Baudelaire, Reich, Breton: well, maybe to him, but to many people from a pop culture background they seemed pretty monochrome — black-and-white, in fact.

If *Beating Time* is good polemical stuff, *Rebel Rock* is more considered. Street picks up the tangled skein of politics and pop and unravels it well. He discusses 1) state intervention in pop, 2) the politics of the pop process and the tensions of pop's status both as a locus and as an industry and 3) the way that pop focuses on personal and 'private' politics. *Rebel Rock* discusses in detail many of the points raised in this article. I disagree with him about Springsteen but am in accord when he states: 'Pop's ability . . . to capture a moment, a feeling and a glance . . . is both the weakness and the strength of its politics . . . [It] is one of the ways that we came to know who we are and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what we want.'

Live Aid was, perhaps, the perfect example of the contradictions that occur when pop and politics meet: the tension between the end result and the means through which it was secured. It has established, however, pop's present importance as a place within which to work for change, and the existence of a vast resource of idealism which this government could never conceive of, let alone tap. In addition to the politics of activism and of consumption which Widgery and Street argue, and in addition to sexual politics, I would like to see a politics of pop that engages the new totality created by the current condition of the media industry —a huge, multinational agglomerate — of which pop is now, from its dim beginnings, an integral part. □

Hard cell

Martin Wright

Gate Fever: Voices from a Prison
JAMES CAMPBELL *Weidenfeld* £10.95

ON THE SUBJECT of prisons I am, as a penal reformer, not unbiased. James Campbell, on the other hand, says that he started, as a non-criminologist, without preconceptions. The Home Office seems to have recognised at last that having let TV crews into prisons (for Rex Bloomstein's *Strangeways* series, for example), there is no reason not to admit a writer — even if, at first, it characteristically tried to insist that he should sign the Official Secrets Act and be escorted everywhere by a prison officer. Eventually, however, Campbell found an unbureaucratic governor willing to let him use a cell (by day only) and wander around, for four months.

Mostly he lets prisoners, and a few staff, speak for themselves. He comments perceptively, but doesn't tub-thump. Nor is there any need to: even in a humanely run prison the cruel absurdities, of which overcrowding and lack of sanitation are only the beginning, are self-evident. He records several types of people often found in prisons and how the system treats them. A tongue-tied youth on remand is hauled before the governor for swearing at an officer who told him to smarten himself up. He has already been in 'the block' ('awarded cellular confinement' is the euphemism) for similar malfeasance and, although this hasn't worked, the governor sends him back for more before he has even been convicted. If ever he is, he will have learnt to fit in to prison and probably to hate it and the society which sent him there.

Campbell notes the language gap between 'the system' and the inarticulate individual, one which can also be observed in courts. Those with tougher inner resources fight harder to preserve their identity — like 'Benny', who writes a convincing account of being violently transferred between prisons. The system's response is standard: long periods of mind-bending segregation in 'the block', the prison-within-a-prison.

Campbell has captured many aspects of prison life: the impersonal reception of 'bodies', the pervasive grey tedium, the illicit hash which many believe 'keeps the lid on the place', the mechanised workshop leaving nothing for people to do (prison, once again, as a distorted microcosm of the real world). He tells of the beating up of sex offenders; a marriage wrecked by imprisonment (so much for Victorian values); a baffling alleged wrongful conviction. Some features are missing: the effects of ever-present censorship of correspondence and the pernicious Rule 47(12) which says that, if you complain and your complaint is not upheld, you can be punished for making it.

What does come across is the total control and its total irrelevance to making people able, let alone willing, to live their lives better in future. 'Henry' seemed a convincing argument for deterrence: he had really learnt his lesson this time, he said. After release, he lasted 11 days. Even in a relatively humane prison, there is a periodic clamp-down on contraband: no mugs over four inches high, no more than six books . . . Not just a security measure, as Campbell comments, but an assault against privacy. Prison priorities are neatly summed up in a hilarious, blasphemous cameo: prison officers standing at the back of the chapel with walkie-talkies switched on, so that prayers are punctuated by instructions like 'Officer Jenkins report to the gate'.

What should replace prison, Campbell doesn't say: that is not his aim. His case is understated — perhaps a bit too much for my liking — but the message is clear and should boost membership of the Howard League: prison in its present form is futile and wrong. If it doesn't break a person, all it does is to make him or her want to beat the system. But few succeed: 'the system is death'. George Jackson reached the same conclusion in *Soledad Brother:* 'imprisonment is the closest thing to death . . .'. *Gate Fever* starts with a 19th-century execution and ends with a present-day prison suicide. Capital punishment has gone. Prisons must go. □

John A. Hall
POWERS & LIBERTIES
THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE RISE OF THE WEST
'The re-thinking of the history of human society has long been overdue. John Hall's book is a brilliant and decisive contribution to it'
– Professor Ernest Gellner
02.2521 8 £4.95

Border raids

Paul Martin

Apartheid's Second Front
JOSEPH HANLON *Penguin* £2.95

AN ABATTOIR and a jam factory are hardly conventional military targets. Yet South Africa — at least, in the first instance — evidently considered otherwise; not because an explosion in a slaughterhouse provides an apocalyptic symbol for Southern Africa's drift towards ever-increasing violence, but for more practical reasons.

Joseph Hanlon, in his tautly argued and impressive exposé of the republic's regional policies, *Apartheid's Second Front*, is able to make chilling sense from the many diverse and devious strands of South Africa's 'war against its neighbours', to quote the book's subtitle. The abattoir attack, he explains, was carried out in neighbouring Lesotho just a day before a meeting of the region's black states, who have formed an organisation (the SADCC) that tries to break their economic and strategic dependence on the white-ruled giant. The slaughterhouse was one of that organisation's projects, funded by Denmark, whose Foreign Minister was to address the SADCC's conference the next day. Message received?

By the way, the jam factory bombing was part of an air-raid on Mozambique — supposedly on the nerve centres of the outlawed African National Congress but, instead, wreaking mainly civilian havoc. Dr Hanlon, who reported that raid and many other South African-inspired operations in the Marxist-ruled state when he was a correspondent there for the BBC and the *Guardian*, maintains that the military and terrorist threat posed by the ANC is 'vastly exaggerated' and that, while it is certainly one strategic objective of Pretoria to convince neighbours that harbouring the ANC brings a price not worth paying, South Africa has wider objectives. Most of its actions have been directed at economic and military 'destabilisation' (including the blowing-up of oil storage depots) in the belief that, by keeping the neighbours poor, at times even starving, dependent on South Africa's transport services and reliant on its traders, none of these states could afford to encourage international sanctions, let alone allow a guerilla war.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The policy of 'thump and talk' certainly brought Mozambique to a humiliating public accord with the Botha regime. Mr Botha then rode on a wave of international acceptability as a 'peacemaker', making a now unthinkable visit to Europe's capitals and to Mrs Thatcher, only to break his side of the bargain by continuing covertly to aid a shadow guerilla movement that disrupts much of Mozambique.

There are occasions when Dr Hanlon's enthusiasm for anti-South African vilification leads him to lose sight of the independent dynamic of many bush wars. His assumption, for instance, that there 'can be no stronger indication of continued high-level support for a surrogate army' than the nocturnal airborne visits to the rebel headquarters by South Africa's Deputy Foreign Minister, Louis Nel, is questionable. Mr Nel's own account of his activities — recounted in detail to foreign journalists in Cape Town after a *braaivleis* (barbeque) with President Botha, and the consumption of much liquid refreshment — did not waver from the official line that he was there to attempt a negotiated truce after Mozambican approaches. There is sufficient damning evidence of South Africa's nefarious activities for Hanlon to be more circumspect.

Hanlon does not put the blame *entirely* on SA's shoulders. He explains how the SADCC states often give unwitting succour to SA's policies, whether through misconceived socialist policies like collectivisation on big farms, lack of attention to rural development or exploitation of the 'tribal' factor. The latter allows SA to recruit disaffected elements either into surrogate armies or as units of their own.

Hanlon also interestingly criticises those neighbours who allow SA to set their tariffs on imports. This is achieved by being part of a free-trade area with the republic, handing over a lump sum each year which brings the misguided glint of a bonanza to treasury eyes but, in fact, means that the republic can keep foreign imports artificially expensive and, in effect, compel the neighbours to buy inferior SA products. South African companies control freighting services throughout the sub-continent and make it logistically and commercially difficult for imports to come through Mozambique and Angola to the inland states — with South Africa's ports being favoured. More crudely, SA and its associates have systematically attacked and destroyed their neighbours' rail links.

Hanlon advocates a less weak-kneed response from the SADCC countries and a programme of economic sanctions by the West. He casts aspersions on the type of aid given by western financial agencies, including the EEC, though he has a few words of praise for Britain's role in training Zimbabwean soldiers helping Mozambique resist its South-African sponsored rebels.

His basic thesis on this is that sanctions-busting may lead to economic self-sufficiency being enhanced (as in Rhodesia) but the cost to SA's exchequer would be high which, in turn, makes a war against its neighbours more costly and less affordable.

Some forms of sanctions would harm neighbours — a boycott of SA minerals would accelerate the already reduced demand for foreign miners, whose expatriate earnings are vital to Lesotho and important to others — but the worst effects would be a deliberate South African sanctions campaign against its own neighbours: expelling miners, slowing or stopping trade and transport routes, etc. Still, Hanlon argues, were the West to help these nations develop their own outlets and trade (often only routed through South Africa against their own best interests anyway) the long-term effects could be beneficial.

He maintains that the SADCC states are prepared to pay the price, as the sanctions would hasten the republic's downfall and so bring normality and stability. It is on that point that he fails to make any real effort to sustain his argument — for an isolated and economically weakened South Africa might well simply provoke a bloody civil war, with embittered Afrikaner whites wiping out much of their country's own wealth, and leave the region in a morass that would mean poverty and instability for all its neighbours. That is a factor that frontline states are acutely aware of, though certainly Hanlon is correct in suggesting that each type of western sanction should be carefully assessed first to judge its particular effect and efficacy. He suggests, as a starting point, a ban on the import of fruit, Krugerrands and other goods, costing the West little but harming South Africa's economy.

Hanlon's book is unlikely to be well received in the white-ruled south. When a customs official at Jan Smuts airport asked, last week, whether I was bringing any books in, I replied 'Lots, but no *Playboys* or *Penthouses*,' preferring not to draw their attention to *Apartheid's Second Front*. □

FICTION

Laugh?

Bill Greenwell

Vacant Possession
HILARY MANTEL *Chatto* £9.95
The Hunger
DAVID REES *GMP* £3.95

HILARY MANTEL'S SECOND novel, **Vacant Possession**, is filled with fiendish glee, all of it held in hysterical check by the writer's wry style. It is exceptionally well constructed; it has a wittily nasty plot, but never gloats over its victims in the manner of many recent novels. The object of its satire, although this is finely tempered by the rampant ironies of the narrative, is the Welfare State. If you are a social worker or a teacher (especially if you're a cheesed-off deputy head), expect no mercy. If you work for a social security office, expect no favours. Just lie back and laugh yourself silly: this is the best send-up for a long, long time.

Vacant Possession is relatively unusual for a second novel in that it is a sequel — and, rather curiously, this information is nowhere offered the reader on the dust jacket. Its precursor,

Look out for the latest in Everyman Fiction

Ballad of Dogs' Beach
Dossier of a Crime
JOSE CARDOSO PIRES
'Intricately meshed as the plotting may be, the author's real talents lie in his exposure of the intrinsic allure at the heart of the banal apparatus of dictatorship.' *Observer*

An award-winning novel based on a true story of political intrigue in Salazar's Portugal.

£4.50

Fontamara
IGNAZIO SILONE
Translated from the Italian by ERIC MOSBACHER
Silone's powerful novel about Fascism received high acclaim when first published in the 1930s and was soon translated into twenty-eight lanuages. '*Fontamara* is one of the small band of books which, once read, is never forgotten.' *Spectator*

£4.50

Bread and Wine
IGNAZIO SILONE
Translated from the Italian by ERIC MOSBACHER
Judged by many to be Silone's greatest novel, *Bread and Wine* begins with the clandestine homecoming to Italy of an anti-fascist who disguises himself as a priest to avoid capture.

'In *Bread and Wine* a loving understanding of the Italian people and a passionate love for liberty are blended in the best possible way.' Thomas Mann

£4.95 June

The Wondrous Physician
JORGE DE SENA
First publication in English
A masterpiece of fantasy set in a world of sorcery, superstition and magic. *The Wondrous Physician* is one of Jorge de Sena's best-known works and has been translated into several languages.

£3.95 August

EF. EVERYMAN FICTION

For further information about Everyman Paperbacks, send for our catalogue available from: Marketing Dept (NSt), DENT, 33 Welbeck Street, LONDON W1M 8LX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every Day Is Mother's Day, freshly into paperback (Penguin, £2.50), was thoughtfully provided for me by the publishers; nevertheless, I had launched myself no little way into the latest effort, and become not a little confused, before I retreated to the first, viciously exhilarating effort. It was Tom Sharpe who wrote of Sue Townsend that she had him up round the room howling with laughter, or something equally extravagant. Not given to such violent excesses, I will only say that I emerged from *Every Day* with a smile knotted firmly round the back of my neck. I also came up straining to be back into *Vacant Possession*.

What I am at pains to insist is that you do not accidentally miss the first novel. The second is just a little burdened with early exposition. It's inevitable and one might, by obscure convention, take Hilary Mantel to task for it. 'Second novel too dependent on first.' Well, not for me. Since Mantel's publishers are apparently not prepared to pull out the stops, I am sitting here, fizzily zealous, insisting that you lash out not only on one novel but two.

I mentioned Townsend and Sharpe. Hilary Mantel is a sort of antidote to both. Where Sue Townsend is barmily soothing about the social services, Mantel is busily putting her subtle boot in. But Sharpe? Mantel reminds me why I have packed in Sharpe, who always managed half a bundle of laughs before abandoning his novels to vitriol and anarchy. Mantel maintains a very firm hold on her material, sustaining a tale of such interlocking complexity and crafty irony as might dazzle the most accomplished farceur. Among the relationships here contrived is one which has a daughter unknowingly telephone her father's former lover, because the woman is her lover's wife. There ensues a conversation of perfect cross-purpose, beautifully constructed.

And Mantel can also write with striking economy and verve. Here is a violently observant passage about a geriatric ward:

Lifelines

Alan Brien

YOU GET A SPECIAL reward from the best autobiographies, a kind of stereoscopic depth of vision into other lives. For not only are you allowed to insert yourself into another body and peer out through strange eyes, you see a world of people, places, ideas, events from a special angle and tinged with a unique colouring.

I do not think it is necessarily snobbish to incline towards works of self-revelation where the others are famous achievers and over-achievers, monsters and monster-slayers. And I do not really care when personal reflections of Bertrand Russell and Agatha Christie, Ernest Bevin and Cyril Connolly (to mention only four of the 13 names blazoned on the cover) provide such enthralling reading as does the bumper double-volume, **Memories and Glimpses** (Methuen, £6.95) by Dr A. L. Rowse.

The author — and I fear that this is one of the book's deepest pleasures — has little idea of what a ludicrous, somewhat touching figure he cuts. A sort of Dr Pooter among the somebodies, he is touchy, vain, gullible, envious, boastful, beady-eyed to a degree rarely matched since Boswell's journals, and yet, like Boswell, when he concentrates on any person, the result is likely to be a vivid, talking portrait. *NS* readers may relish this more than most since you can guarantee that almost every character he adores we detest, and his victims tend to be our heroes.

Another way of creating biography, an unusual but much recommended alternative to the laundry-list, print-the-archives school, is to be found in Simon Nowell-Smith's wonderfully browsable, quotable anthology of Henry James 'as others saw him', **The Legend of the Master** (Oxford, £4.95).

The sub-title is not strictly accurate since most of the quotes about this extraordinary figure, an oxymoronic construction at once wet and dry, positive and negative, far more complex even than his own most elaborate fictional character, tend to be from people who were so blinded by what he said they tended to forget to do more than record the words. Page after page is a delight and I pluck only one piece of Jamesiana new to me. Edith Wharton challenged James to confess whether or not he had physically read even one of D. H. Lawrence's novels. A mischievous smile crept from the Master's eyes to lips: 'I — I have trifled with the exordia.'

It would also be a brave novelist who dared invent the character of **Hilaire Belloc** (Penguin, £4.95) as reconstructed, bone by bone, in a brilliant piece of taxidermy by A. N. Wilson. I enjoyed it far more than any of his novels, perhaps because here he comes closest to grappling with what cruel, insane, inhuman beliefs Roman Catholics really accept. He is mildly embarrassed by Belloc's anti-Semitism — the inveterate use of 'Yid', for example, to describe even Old Testament prophets or New Testament apostles — without seeming to perceive that this was the normal thinking, in private, of almost all the Church members from the first to the 20th centuries. Belloc emerges the last survivor of a weird, impressive, dangerous breed, some kind of warthog perhaps, filthy, destructive, courageous, antediluvian (we hope) but eventually, even to the *NS* reader/writer, almost admirable, given his perverted outlook on life.

Margaret Forster's studies of eight women who managed to change the world's view of their sex, **Significant Sisters** (Penguin, £4.95), is a contribution to feminist history which always puts truth before wishful thinking — a rigour of mind not as common as one would wish. It comes a little late for its own success in the field, where the gaps have been filled and re-filled rather too often, though rarely so well. I learned a great deal, felt a continuing surge and flow of ideas and emotions I had not always tapped, though I was disappointed in the use of language sometimes.

Phrases like 'When her father would not give an inch, Emma played her final card' read like a second carbon of which there is no original. Where I already knew something about the subjects, I found perverse gaps. Plenty about Emma Goldman's earlier life, now not hard to find in her marvellously spunky autobiography, but too little about the key crisis, her years in Soviet Russia. Caroline Norton is well researched, perceptively analysed (the commentary throughout is exceptional). But she omits all of Meredith's novel, *Diana of the Crossways*, a mine of evidence as to current attitudes to women, which was based on Caroline's life and career and, for me, as for many other Eng Lit students, the first news of her existence.

About Martha Gellhorn's **The Face of War** (Virago, £4.95) I find it difficult to write with any restraint. This anthology contains the best prose on its subject written by anybody, from Madrid in 1936 to Managua in 1985. You could simply take all the articles and books written by male war correspondents and flush them down the plug hole. And, so long as you had this, you would have 90 per cent of everything worthwhile. Tele-portation proved! This familiar SF device actually exists when you have a writer like Martha Gellhorn who can lift you out of your seat, transmit you through space and time to all the dreadful crossroads of 50 years on the path to universal disaster, so you smell, feel and taste everything. Her introductions, dated '59, '67, and '86, make fascinating polemics in themselves as she doubts whether anything written, or read, changes the future. I feel she is too pessimistic, even if she is right. As Pascal advised a bet on God, so we must bet on survival. Then we have a tiny chance, otherwise nothing.

A re-issue of Kurt Vonnegut's **Cat's Cradle** (Penguin, £2.95), the best thing he ever wrote, equalled perhaps only by *Sirens of Titan* (itself just out in Gollancz's classic SF paperback series). Since then we have had merely brilliant doodles. Penguin do not do well by the book, with a clichéd cover showing Mr and Mrs Everyperson staring into a mushroom cloud and the strapline 'Out of this world — Vonnegut's chilling novel of global destruction.'

Of course, both picture and slogan are true, but also guaranteed to put off most readers. *Cat's Cradle* is, it should be emphasised, a witty, ingenious comedy, written with casual grace, full of narrative twists, almost deserving the classification 'Voltairian'. If you missed it, catch up now. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two long rows of ancient ladies faced each other, propped up by pillows; solid slabs of pillows, which bolstered their brittle bones. There was an air about them of tenacious and bottled vivacity . . . their skeletal fingers, jigging on the bedcovers, seemed to be playing with strings of beads. Sometimes, a line of spittle running from their mouths, they would call out to each other in the querulous voices of the deaf . . . their beaky heads swivelled, like a row of birds on a telegraph wire; their little voices piped in exclamation, and the sleeves of their bedjackets fluttered. They were all showing signs of upset; it was nearly time for the tranquiliser trolley.

In eight years as a book reviewer, I cannot recall coming across a passage which played both so dangerously and brilliantly with the reader's sensibility.

And yet the plot is so whimsically macabre. It concerns the dreadful revenges wreaked by one Muriel Axon, released from institutional existence for her apparent docility. Her targets include the Sidney family, who now inhabit her former home; Colin Sidney's sister, his (and therefore her former) next-door neighbour; the social worker, Colin's former lover, who had her put away; and the social worker's father, who has taken sexual advantage of Muriel in the past. As a mistress of disguise, Muriel also has a go at Colin's mother, handily incarcerated by Mantel in the same hospital as the social worker's father. You will see what I mean about complexity; and Mantel is sufficiently cool to raise it as an issue in the novel. Colin's wife — as the muesli-consuming do-gooder and jogger, the single soft target, one even Posy would find a little simple — has a vicar friend whom Colin confronts. Does Francis, the vicar, believe in coincidence?

'Murky waters,' said the vicar. He took the pipe out of his mouth and indicated with it; Hermione did not allow him tobacco.

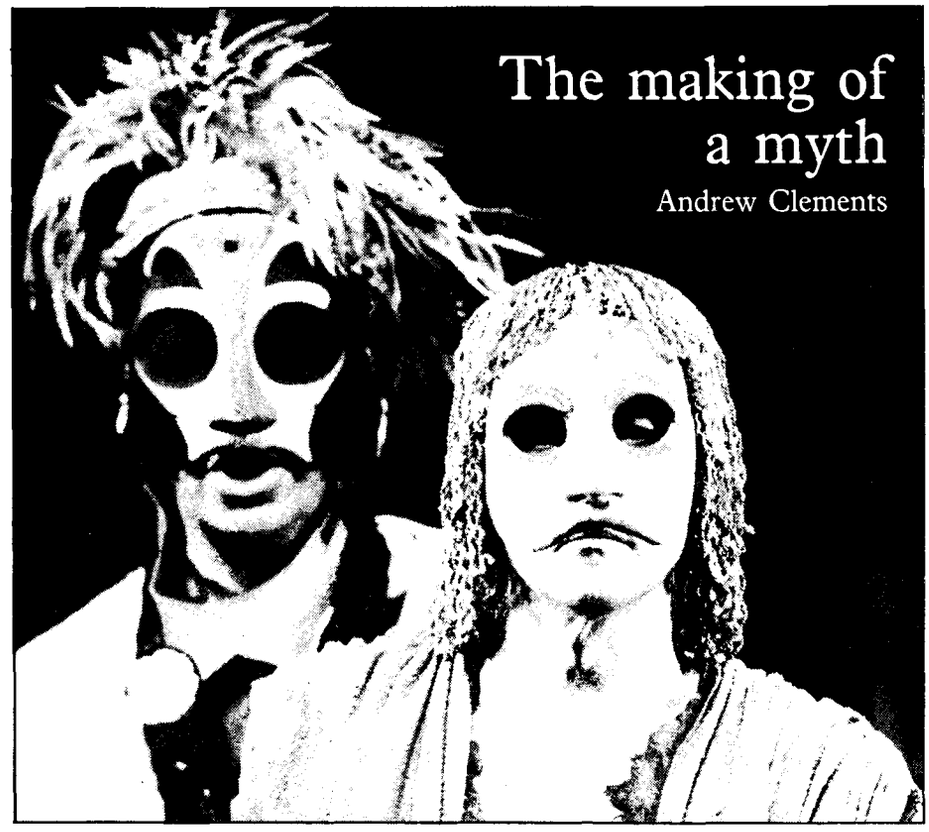
Later, when the demonic Muriel is quietly disarranging the family affairs in the guise of a disturbing charwoman, there is a line that is carefully offered as either Muriel's view or Mantel's:

Life just arranges itself, usually for the worst, and chance is not blind at all; it has as many eyes as a fly on the wall.

Vacant Possession, then, is an exceptional novel, with the thrill of the sinister and as many running jokes as you'd require to fill several series of situation comedies. Mantel even manages slyly to insinuate that the York Minster blaze was a case of arson. If you read only one book — I mean two, of course — this year, make sure that Hilary Mantel wrote it (them).

Of this week's batch, only one other held my attention: David Rees's **The Hunger** about the trauma of a homosexual relationship in Ireland in the 1840s, at the time of the potato famine. There is something schoolmasterly about the way Rees interrupts his tale to spell out the facts, which interferes with the reader's relationship with the characters. Perhaps 'teacherly' would be a more appropriate adjective: certainly, it would be pleasant to think of this novel finding its way into adolescent hands — the age of its intended readers struck me as tricky to fathom. □

OPERA



The making of a myth

Andrew Clements

Philip Langridge (rt) outstanding as Orpheus the Man

The Mask of Orpheus
Coliseum

THE REMARKABLY consistent sequence of works produced by Harrison Birtwistle over the last decade, many of them admired in this column, have told only part of the story of his singular development since the early 1970s. Shadowing them has been the massive presence of his music-theatre work woven around the Orpheus legend, a project conceived in 1971, shelved after almost two acts were completed when no opera house could be found to take up the commission disowned by Covent Garden, and only finished between 1981 and 1983, when English National Opera assumed responsibility.

Almost all of Birtwistle's other music from that period was informed by his work on *The Mask of Orpheus*, not in the obvious sense of sharing material or subject matter, but in the very basic way in which they deal with the elements of musical language.

Birtwistle's pre-eminence among his contemporaries stems directly from his radically individual way of handling those elements of melody and pulse, form and structure. Now, in *The Mask of Orpheus*, which opened at the Coliseum last week, he has demonstrated how that style can be projected on to a very big dramatic canvas indeed, to produce something which defies cosy classification as opera, or music drama, or music theatre, or indeed any other convenient label one cares to stick on it. Actions are made to speak just as loudly as words; the drama moves forward as much through mime and dance as through the singing, while the music given to the orchestra provides yet another independent expressive layer. All conventional concepts of narrative continuity go by the board; Birtwistle treats linear time as though it were just as malleable as any other musical parameter, so that events may be superimposed or repeated, or given in two versions simultaneously, so that the whole bundle of myths associated with the story of Orpheus as the first musician, lover of Euridice and founder of the mysterious cult of Orphism may be suggested.

The structure is enormously complex: the three hours of music are divided into three acts and further articulated by a highly wrought system of closed forms. But one of the most impressive aspects of the work in performance is how effective and compulsive it can be to an audience with only the most basic knowledge of its content. It's helpful to know that the first act deals with Orpheus's creation by Apollo, his love for Euridice and her death, the second with Orpheus's journey to the Underworld and suicide, the third with his posthumous success as an oracle and teacher and final destruction by Apollo, and that each of the main characters — Orpheus, Euridice and Aristaeus — is given three representations, as singer, mime and giant puppet, and that all three may be present on stage at the same time. From that point, however, stark dramatic power takes over and one is drawn into the mysterious processes of the work, half ritual,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half masked Greek tragedy, which are perfectly self-sustaining even when the fine detail of their workings is obscure. David Freeman's staging has sensibly rejected much of the vast apparatus suggested in the libretto and kept scenery to a bare minimum, so that the simple, almost primitive force of the drama, its multiplicity of action and distortions of linearity create a hypnotic and paradoxically consistent world.

Underpinning it all is Birtwistle's music, growing in density as the first act develops from primeval beginnings and erupting with full fury in the stark, terrifying brutality of the second, where Orpheus's journey into an Underworld peopled by huge puppets combines the nearest the work comes to straight narrative with orchestral outbursts of extreme violence: the scoring is for wind and percussion only and the whole drama lacks the mollifying influence of string textures. It was towards the end of Act 2 that Birtwistle broke off in the mid-Seventies; there is certainly no abrupt change of style, though the music of the third act does seem more consciously hieratic, its sound world denser and even more intricately worked. Despite the power of the climaxes and the raw edge to the textures a good deal of the score is economical and wonderfully transparent: the sense of knowing the dramatic effectiveness of a gesture is precisely calculated.

All the singers are amplified; so are the orchestral harps and tuned percussion. They give the music a strange surreal quality and help to integrate the crucial electronic portions of the score, realised at IRCAM in the early 1980s. In many ways they contain some of the most startling invention in the work: terrifying pronouncements for the voice of Apollo, in an invented language worked out by Birtwistle and his librettist Peter Zinovieff, and a series of six interludes called 'Passing Clouds and Allegorical Flowers' which interrupt the main thread of the action to present in mime a sequence of related myths — the stories of Hyacinth, Venus and Adonis and so on — each a self-contained electronic composition that mangles sweet lyricism and jagged expressionism in a way that manages to avoid all the current clichés of computer and electronic music.

The experience of *The Mask of Orpheus* is quite unlike anything else; it manages to set out its own terms of reference with total conviction. Amongst British 'operas' it deserves comparison with the very finest, but is more radical and singular than either *Peter Grimes* or *The Midsummer Marriage*; first-class stage works from the post-1945 avant-garde have been very few and it's hard to think of any work to rival its intensity and sheer musical consistency. English National Opera deserves enormous gratitude for its enterprise in taking on such a challenging piece and presenting it so convincingly. Unqualified praise too for Elgar Howarth's conducting of such a disparate assembly of resources and, perhaps most of all, to Philip Langridge, whose performance in the central role of Orpheus the Man is so accomplished and assured that it's hard to believe that he had not been singing the part around the world for years. □

THEATRE

Child's play

Benedict Nightingale

Antony and Cleopatra
SHAKESPEARE *Haymarket*
Sons of Cain
DAVID WILLIAMSON *Wyndhams*

VANESSA REDGRAVE is, I suppose, the greatest living British actress; but I've some strange images of her in my private memory-bank. That Cleopatra she assayed in 1973, for instance. Does my retrieval-system err, or did she really teeter about a 1960s drawing room in a trouser suit, making vaguely tipsy conversation at the vast cocktail party which ancient Alexandria had inexplicably become? If so the years have clearly mellowed her, up to a point. In the current revival of **Antony and Cleopatra**, she's lost her contempt for the character, but still has no instinctive sympathy for her. She feels more *charitably* towards her, but fails fully to inhabit her.

Mark you, Toby Robertson's production doesn't exactly stretch her. It's serviceably enough staged in a decaying *palazzo* — Jacobean dress for all, with a quaint extra touch of *Return of the Jedi* for Caesar's soldiery — and it offers the odd fine moment. Enobarbus's blarney about barges and burnished thrones comes across, not as a tremulous set-speech, but as part of the plot, an increasingly angry rebuke to the political nitwits who have mismatched Antony with Octavia. On the visual side, the dying Antony is lifted up to Cleopatra's monument in the weirdest, most arresting way I've ever seen: three-quarters naked, one quarter disembowelled, and vertically, by means of a rope attached to a wrist. He dangles like a piece of meat from a Bacon painting.

Yet that image sticks out like, well, a hypersore thumb, emphasising the ordinariness of the surrounding invention: sea battles rendered by two-dimensional flames strenuously flickering behind the *palazzo*'s arches and so forth. Worse, most of the supporting performances are sadly lacking in guile and resourcefulness. Even Timothy Dalton's Antony is a bit monochrome, for all the dash of the gowns he affects. He looks like Lawrence of Arabia dressed for war in something between a patchwork quilt and Joseph's amazing technicolour dreamcoat: his performance is all gallantry, chivalry and Arthurian youthfulness, one which lacks darkness, grizzled authority, toughness, ferocity and several other aspects of the character.

But then Redgrave misses something essential too. Her view of Cleopatra seems to be that she's a big girl, a lanky girl, an aging girl, but a girl nonetheless. Something about her has never left the playroom. This is apparent at the start, when she pulls onstage what appears to be a dressing-up hamper and gleefully opens it to reveal Antony, who is in a sporty mood himself. She jumps and quacks like a duck, parodying his wife Fulvia, and then mimicks his own general's stride; he rolls on the floor with her, spanks her, throws her over his shoulder and carries her off. And Redgrave's Cleo isn't vastly changed even by his death. She has a good laugh with the clown who brings her the asp and smirks and gurgles with her women at the prospect of outwitting Caesar: suicide might be a late-night prank in the dorm.

Now, this isn't as indefensible as it may sound. Cleopatra spends much of the evening playing games, whether sexual or political or both; she's child enough, as Enobarbus informs us, once to have 'hopped 40 paces in the public street'; she's sufficiently infantile to browbeat a messenger for giving her the truth, then blackmail him into telling saving fibs. Redgrave shows all this, without forgetting either that skittish behaviour may have its serious aspects — what better way of keeping others guessing, yourself in control? — or that laughter can be ironic, self-mocking, poignant and several other not-so-merry things. Her Cleopatra is capable of anger, tenderness, pain, grief. The trouble is that they are still the incomplete feelings of an immature person. They lack depth, size, integrity, power — and, in doing so, they reduce a great tragedy into a psychologically interesting but not very moving tale about a female Peter Pan in some Shakespearean Never-Never Land.

David Williamson is best remembered, at least in the filing-cabinet I carry on my shoulders, for his hilarious studies of antipodean macho in action. **Sons of Cain**, however, is on a more particular subject, investigative journalists versus corrupt politicians in 'a capital city of Australia'; and it turns out to be one that has stimulated its author's creative imagination rather less. At any rate, the play sometimes substitutes mere stereotype for the energetic grotesquerie of *The Removalists* and *Don's Party* and becomes pedestrian and plodding in its fictional reconstruction of a real-life scandal that does (let's face it) seem remote from the stance of north-west Europe, small and insular when compared with happenings in Washington in the early Seventies. Williamson could have opted for the gaudy ebullience of *Pravda*; he could have preferred the authenticity of Stephen Wakelam's *Deadlines*. As it is, his contribution to the theatre's intensifying debate on newspapers and newspeople falls between the two. It lacks both fun and documentary authority.

To be more specific, Max Cullen is the shambling, boozy but good-hearted editor hired to bring spirit to an ailing weekly review. With the help of three women reporters — each with her own personal or ideological axe heavily to grind — he's soon on the trail of those at the top who have been quietly benefitting from the dope trade. Inevitably, there are counter-pressures, from affronted politicians, libel lawyers, the newspaper's advertising people, and its nervous owner, who finds himself losing popularity on the old-school-tie circuit; but almost as inevitably, they're overcome by determination and graft and the editor's bloodyminded honesty. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play has its thoughtful moments. It is, let's also agree, refreshingly optimistic after *Pravda* and *Deadlines*, both of which suggested that truth invariably gets warped somewhere between the event and the page or TV screen. If only one could fully believe it, or feel it hugely mattered. □

CINEMA

Cruelty of strangers

Adam Mars-Jones

After Hours
Warner, West End; Gate, Notting Hill; Renoir; Screen on the Green

FATE AND THE STUDIOS may have done Martin Scorsese an unkind favour by scrapping his projected film of Kazantzakis' *The Last Temptation of Christ*: the modestly budgeted film he has made instead, *After Hours*, has inherited a remarkable momentum. Where *The King of Comedy*, Scorsese's last finished work, was sour and flat and cold, *After Hours* has a comic dynamism that makes it a startlingly enjoyable film to watch.

The plot traces a simple trajectory. Paul (Griffin Dunne), a word processor with an uptown New York firm, strikes up conversation in a coffee shop with a woman called Marcy (Rosanna Arquette). She says she shares an apartment with a sculptress, whose plaster-of-Paris bagel-and-cream-cheese paperweights are collectors' items. She gives him her phone number in a way that can be construed as flirtatious.

Later that night Paul phones Marcy's number; she invites him to visit. In the cab on the way downtown, his $20 bill — all the money he has — blows out of the window. His date with Marcy doesn't work out and he leaves, but the subway fare has gone up overnight and his small handful of change isn't enough for a token. From then on his only desire is to get home, but an escalating series of mishaps keeps him from realising this simple ambition.

Any such scenario is traditionally labelled Kafkaesque. In fact it's precisely its difference from Kafka that gives *After Hours* its specific character as a nightmare. The film has none of Kafka's terrible faith in institutions, his tragic assent to the world's tribunals. Paul is not pitted against the state and its agents; he is merely at the mercy of his fellow-citizens in conditions of maximum equality and zero fraternity. His is not a bureaucratic nightmare but a social one. He has not lost his identity as such, only the money he needs to negotiate it socially. No one asks him to prove his identity. All they expect from him is appropriate behaviour.

Paul is forced to depend on the kindness of strangers. He learns the hard way why Zeus was the Greek god with the portfolio for hospitality: such a vital function could not be delegated. The strangers Paul meets project splinters of personality and change from one persona to another even in a single conversation. A woman offers Paul shelter, for instance, and then shouts out digits at random so that he will forget the phone number he must dial.

Every exchange is the social equivalent of a cash transaction. When Paul keeps a promise, by returning to a crazed waitress's apartment, he establishes something like a credit rating and she greets him as a hero. In the context of the film, a promise to return in two minutes is as awesome as a proposal of marriage.

Marriage in turn becomes, like everything else in this world, the expression of an impulse. Marcy turns out to have married someone obsessed with *The Wizard of Oz*, which she thought was kind of cute. The marriage broke up because with every orgasm he shouted out, 'Surrender, Dorothy.'

What he should have been shouting was, 'I love you, Marcy.' What makes the world of this film nightmarish is its insistence that everything be expressive.

In previous Scorsese films the hero, usually played by Robert de Niro, tried obsessively to project into the world a self he could subsequently accept as real. In *After Hours*, the entire cast is engaged on the same enterprise.

Paul is no different; he is merely at a temporary disadvantage. Almost all the people in the film are at leisure, unattached and in their thirties: no longer to be regarded as someone's children, but not defined by any other ties either. Paul's task is to assess them, with few clues to help him.

After Hours contains fewer authority figures than any other film I can think of. No parents, no government. In Paul's office there are no superiors visible. Even the cab-driver, baulked of his fare, simply drives off. Only the subway attendant and the transit cop who backs him up exercise anything like power. At one stage Paul calls the police, but we don't see them arrive. The film's nightmare is not of being oppressed by authority, but of being destroyed by equals. Authority may be malign, but it is at least potentially intelligible.

Paul is hounded not by cops and squad cars but by an impromptu vigilante group with an ice-cream truck. He has been mistaken for a

Live in Edinburgh
DICK GAUGHAN *Celtic Music*
True and Bold
DICK GAUGHAN *STUC* 2

If Leon Rosselson is the Labour movement's finest songwriter, then Gaughan is its foremost performer. His first live album, from Celtic Music, captures the mighty Gaughan growl, the snarling guitar, the propagandist passion; but points up, too, the lyricism which was in danger of being sacrificed to the politics. Whether singing traditional material or topical songs of his own or by others, Gaughan ought to be listened to.

The record from the Scottish Trades Union Congress (STUC) concentrates his talent on an exploration of what it was and is to be a miner. The STUC's second venture into the patronage of workers' songs is (for the most part) as musically worthwhile as it is politically important, giving us the best version yet recorded of Ewan MacColl's 'Schooldays Over' and a moving account of 'A Miner's Life is Like a Sailor'. Production is a far cry from the cyclostyled-tract school of record making — here there are modern arrangements (smouldering sax and keyboards) and the Gaughan guitar.

Gaughan's reworking of the old Florence Reece anthem 'Which Side Are You On' and his 'Ballad of 84' strike me as sounding a bit simplistic, but then the man's political and musical credo is simple — and toweringly sincere. It's not necessary to endorse Scargill's tactics to endorse this record.

All Right Jack
THE HOME SERVICE *Spin* 119

The National Theatre's house band aims to be the very antithesis of the bromide broadcasting from which it takes its name. It's more valuable on stage than on record, where the big theatrical sound can degenerate into pomposity, but this is a strong collection of traditional pieces and songs by John Tams given the South Bank treatment. Beefy, nasal vocals, a big echoey guitar sound, punchy accordion and a brass section add up to a very distinctive and attractive approach.

What detracts from the achievement is an overfondness for a Salvation Army swell in the arrangements and lyrics that's allowed to puff up into portentousness. Tams's Britain is a spiritual wasteland, but too often he is content to flood it with incense. Still, this is a band that no one will confine to the folk ghetto.

In the Round
PENTANGLE *Making Waves Spin* 120

More Triangle, really, since there's no John Renbourne or Danny Thompson from the original supergroup. Mike Piggot and Nigel Portman Smith make acceptable enough stand-ins; it's just that it all sounds a bit bland and dated. Bert Jansch's mannered drawl and pointilliste guitar picking, Jaqui McShee's thinnish vocals and the meshed playing of the others don't amount to more than superior Middle of the Road. Technically, it's a polished effort, but in the group's own material there's a hollow centre, while yet another version of 'She Moved Through the Fair' adds little to the band's once impressive oeuvre. When Pentangle used to patrol the frontiers of folk, jazz and rock, the danger inspired some splendid music. Now it's all grown comfy.

Donny O'Rourke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burglar; by now he looks like one, and there is no appeal against the law of appearances.

The social psychology of *After Hours* could almost derive from Richard Sennett's *The Fall of Public Man*, which examines the categories of public and private since the 18th century. Certainly the film's only image of order is from the 18th century, the Mozart symphony which accompanies the opening credits, and I would like to think that Sennett's book is read in Hollywood. But perhaps it's more realistic to assume, gratefully, that different doctors are making the same diagnosis. □

ART

Bowness's bailiwick

John Spurling

Down in the deepest gloom of the Tate there glimmers an encouraging light

WHO RUNS THE TATE? For a time after Alan Bowness became its director in 1980 it seemed to be the Conservation Department and there were fears that the place would be gradually transformed into a kind of tomb, in which the treasures, deprived of light for their own protection, would become almost invisible to the customers.

Several temporary exhibitions were virtually ruined by the Conservation Department's light levels, until somebody — presumably Bowness — mastered the brutes, or at least compromised with them and made it possible again for present-day visitors to enjoy what was essentially being kept for posterity (though they, of course, wouldn't have been allowed actually to see the treasures either.)

Bowness was hardly out of this dark wood before he fell into the hands of the rich, some of them calling themselves 'The Patrons of New Art'. No doubt it all looked innocent and enlightened enough to begin with. What better way of improving the collection than to bring in a bit of private encouragement and subsidy from those who could best afford it? But he that sups with the devil needs a self-possessed and independently-minded household. Bowness did not take account of the nature of his own subordinates. The combination of civil servants with rich collectors made for subservience to the art market (especially the New York art market) and in so far as his own curators were also art historians they were less used to judging the quality of a new work than how it could be fitted into a pattern of continuous development. The outcome was that the rich collectors got the Tate's valuable endorsement for their artistic speculations and the Tate got a lot of awful rubbish.

Bowness is still a prisoner of this unlucky excursion into outside patronage and it is hard to see how he can escape without desperate measures: the rejection of all private patronage and either a complete moratorium on the purchase of contemporary work or the setting up of a different system. The Arts Council's collection of contemporary British work is bought partly by independent purchasers who are changed every year and there is no obvious reason why this shouldn't be done also at the Tate, leaving the curators responsible only for buying older works of more or less established art-historical value.

Meanwhile, however, a new power has arisen within Bowness's bailiwick and, for once, it seems to be wholly benign. For the past year the Education Department has been conducting a sort of festival of poetry and the visual arts, with readings, workshops and a public competition for both adults and children. The permanent result is a small volume of poems — *With a Poet's Eye* (Tate, £9.95 & £5.95) edited by Pat Adams — which includes some of the competition winners as well as pieces commissioned from established poets. It can either be read at home (there are coloured illustrations of the particular paintings and sculptures celebrated by the poets) or, better still, carried round and used as a guide to the works of art themselves. The poems are fairly equally divided between those addressed to the Historic British and the Modern Collections, though the bias in both cases is naturally towards a literary rather than a visual interpretation and the tone is almost universally personal and defensively diffident (Philip Larkin in church, as it were). Blake Morrison contributes a nice pastiche of Browning's 'My Last Duchess' on the subject of an unspecified painting by Francis Bacon — owned perhaps by one of the Tate's rich patrons — and Wendy Cope plays a witty word game with De Chirico's 'The Uncertainty of the Poet' (that recently acquired and over-priced encounter of a nude female bust with a bunch of bananas in front of a receding arcade); but the two most thoughtful as well as most illuminating poems are both about abstracts. If you have ever had difficulty in explaining to yourself, let alone to anyone else, why Matisse's 'The Snail' or Rothko's 'Four Seasons' series make such a powerful effect with such apparently simple means, you can now consult James Berry and Gillian Clarke for part of the answer.

During the last three years or so the Education Department has also made various experiments with dance and drama. The latest, performed by students of St Martin's School of Art in front of Picasso's 'The Three Dancers', was a lunch-time play by Sally Giray dealing with the relationship — on which the painting is partly based — between Picasso's friends Casagemas and Pichot and the woman who became Pichot's wife, Germaine. It was a disappointingly callow piece, both in text and performance — except for one striking moment when the girls in a brothel suddenly lined up wearing the masks of Picasso's still more famous painting 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' — and contributed little more to understanding the painting than a simple background note on its label would have done. All the same, the idea of putting plays beside paintings is excellent — even if the play is dull you can still concentrate on the painting — and I wish more power to the Education Department's arm. □

TELEVISION

With one Bond . . .

Hugo Williams

THERE ARE TWO people worth waiting for on the comedy revue **Naked Video** (BBC2). One is the Welsh poet Siadwell; the other is Nesbitt, the drunk Scottish doley. Hard to quote the latter, since the essence of his humour and pathos is articulate incomprehensibility. His chosen format is the mobile, tracking diatribe-against-everything, delivered over his left shoulder at some invisible wedding guest dogging his footsteps — i.e. us — or turning back repeatedly at the door of the DHSS interview room, *esprit de l'escalier* elevated to an art form. 'Don't you sit there and giro me,' he gurgles. 'You sit there with your don't break the pens, your don't eat that sign. I'll do it MY way . . . ' (sings slightly). He is a joy to misunderstand.

Siadwell is more docile. He dreamt about his girlfriend Gravel the other night and fainted in his sleep. Gravel: 'You don't think I've got a moustache do you?' 'No, but I think you'd look very nice with one.' When Siadwell kissed Gravel goodnight she sucked out one of his fillings. 'And her hands! Her hands were everywhere. I noticed them in someone else's handbag.' Siadwell heard that the Sixties were coming back. 'I was a little boy in the Sixties, so I thought I'd wear a pair of short trousers.' Doctor: 'Have you ever thought about taking your own life?' Siadwell: 'No.' Doctor: 'Well, I think you should.'

Later we saw a skit of Dirty Harry savouring his Magnum 44 'the most powerful handgun in the world. Squeeze the trigger . . . Blow them away!' 'Say, that's pretty tough stuff,' says the doctor, 'but there are easier ways of getting rid of piles these days.' The inevitable Bond sketch finds the siren with the curse. 'I just don't fancy you,' she says. 'In other words, you're a lesbian,' says Bond. It wasn't funny, but it was better than Russ Abbot's go at it.

How many Bond spoofs have you seen called 'Basildon Bond'? Abbot's was another. A laser is to cut Bond in half: then he will have 'a split personality' and be a 'double agent'. Frightening? There's always been room for big, untalented extroverts to let off steam for cash on ITV, but it's disappointing to see the unlamented *Russ Abbot's Madhouse* resurfacing as **The Russ Abbot Show** (BBC1). All I can think of with Abbot on the screen is an overworked props department knocking up his tedious inspirations for him: the rotating table for him to be 'under', the wilting gramophone horn for him to shoot, the long cork in the Champagne bottle — 'a very good year for corks' (a grudging pass for that one).

I can't remember the Bond take-off on **Now — Something Else** (BBC2), but I know Rory Bremner got the accents right, Glasgow *and*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BILLBOARD

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) THE THREE PENNY OPERA, PRAVDA — A FLEET STREET COMEDY. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, DALLIANCE. Cottesloe (small auditorium) FUTURISTS, NOT ABOUT HEROES. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. 5-7 June 7.30pm **TRINITY COLLEGE OPERA** in **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR** by **Otto Nicolai**. 10-14 June 7.30pm **ROSE ENGLISH**.

Festival Anthology Launch

R.A. Maitre, Roger Iredale, Aileen La Tourette and many others have contributed to the Greenwich Anthology as winners in the 1984 and 1985 Greenwich Festival poetry competition. Launch date 9 June. Get your copies now.
Price £1.50 (includes P & P).

Available from Greenwich Festival
25 Woolwich New Road London SE18 6EU
Telephone 01-317 8687

THE GREENWICH FESTIVAL 1986

The 42nd Cheltenham International Festival of Music

5-20 JULY 1986

King's Singers - CBSO
John Williams - Derek Jacobi
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Jorge Bolet - Louis Kentner
Simon Rattle - London City Ballet
Extemporary Dance Theatre - Mozart in 1786 - Liszt centenary
Californian Music Now - and much more besides!

Tickets and free Brochure from:
Town Hall Box Office, Imperial Square, Cheltenham
Tel: (0242) 523690

BOOKING NOW OPEN!

Arts Council Funded

Opera

The Royal Opera
Colin Davis
Music Director
1971-1986

Royal Opera House Covent Garden

Tchaikovsky's
Eugene Onegin
Cast includes: Thomas Allen Ileana Cotrubas
Neil Rosenshein Anne Howells
June 2 5 10 13 16 18 21 at 7.30pm

Beethoven's
Fidelio
New production sponsored by
The Jean Sainsbury Royal Opera House Fund
Producer: Andrei Serban
Designer: Sally Jacobs
Cast includes: James King
Marie McLaughlin Elizabeth Connell
Laurence Dale Gwynne Howell
Hartmut Welker Manfred Schenk
July 2 5 8 11 15 19* at 7.30pm
*Prom perf sponsored by Midland Bank

Reservations 01-240 1066/1911
Access/Visa/Diners Club

Arts Council Funded

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surbiton. Bremner is so gifted he's bound to get bored soon and start looking around for something to fail at like singing, rock climbing, poetry or politics poor chap. 'Hallo,' says Bremner 'my name's Omar Khayyam. When I went on a pilgrimage to Mecca I was so impressed I bought the religion. Spiritual fulfillment or your money back.' A lucky one, or sheer brilliance? As Bremner says of the competition, 'If yoghurt's live, how come it hasn't got its own series?'

It has to be said that the real Bond film highlighted on Bank Holiday Monday was a very mediocre take-off of itself, minus the humour. It was strictly for the Russ Abbot marketplace and frequently interrupted by smarmy little commercials for things you don't want, like the 'Hanson Trust'. After 40 years of carefully building a career as our finest character actor, Denholm Elliot goes and smears it all over one of that company's ads — a thing of such sickening witlessness that any future appearance of his is bound to look different and worse. A kick in the arse for his public. Was he really so broke? I am currently collating the names of well known voice-over actors who imagine that they have escaped the contamination of the products they sponsor by maintaining anonymity. It makes amusing reading. Contributions welcomed.

It takes some doing, but once you have got over your initial antipathy to Ronnie Corbett you have to admit that **Sorry** (BBC1) is the wittiest, tightest little comedy series currently available. Timothy (Corbett) is a mother-dominated librarian and would-be lady's man and the series is firmly rooted, like all good comedy, in pre-permissive times. Timothy: 'Mother, you don't even know what a jacuzzi is.' Mother (Barbara Lott): 'Yes I do and you're not to go anywhere near it.' The series is worth watching for Lott alone. 'Frozen Porridge. Thaw for 24 hours. Really! They should have told me that yesterday.' She is completely mad, or has become so with the development of her character. 'I'll have a Pimm's No.3,' she yells at a barman. 'Mother, you go to the bar in pubs. It's that wooden thing over there.' 'No I don't. There are different rules for people in fur coats.' Last week she was pretending her husband was dead in order to take up with an old flame from Australia, Uncle Claud, while Timothy is on the book of *Hamlet* (get it?) at the local amateur dramatics. 'Hamlet! You couldn't play piglet!' The question is, has Ronnie got the stature to take over the part?

You may want to kick *Open the Box* in the screen, like David Niven did in that film about TV, or pine for a day of TV-freedom like they have in Iceland (Thursdays), but how else could you see Clive James talking to Peter Ustinov for half an hour before going to bed than on the **The Late Clive James** (ITV)? Ustinov was just back from Russia the week of his appearance. Do they like us there? 'Oh yes, they think we have something to do with Dickens, which they adore. Mrs Thatcher on the other hand has something to do with America, which they think is "uncultured".' Obviously Mr Ustinov agrees with them. 'When you go to America they always ask if you are a communist. In Russia they tend to assume that you are not.' □

Bonny Clyde

Naseem Khan

IT ISN'T REALLY a coracle that's crossing the River Clyde — more like a tichy, wooden rowing boat, straining its way to the bank. But let's not be over-fussy. To all extents and purposes this little boat *is* made of skin and wicker — and it's come all the way from Ireland, rather than, surreptitiously, a few yards down the bank. And it contains not a plump local cleric in bishop's gear, but St Constantine; the year is 600 AD and he has come to save Govan (14 over-excited children in sacks) from its sins.

It would take more, alas, than St Constantine to save Govan nowadays. The old ship-building section of Glasgow, strung out along the empty Clyde, looks massive behind its brick walls, but is a dying industry. It's even deader than usual on the first day of Govan's pageant: the work-force is out on a one-day strike after news of new government job cuts. The pageant was meant to go through the shipyards, but the great doors are bolted. So the horse and cart — followed, now, by sundry angels, philanthropists, rent-striking women and a few curious locals — stops in the drizzle outside the walls to sing a few defiant UCS songs.

Govan's pageant, 'Nothing Without Work', was just one — though possibly the most original — product of this year's Mayfest. This Glasgow festival, born of trade-union roots and now in its fourth year, has always resisted the idea of becoming just another arts festival. Its town centre centrepieces (such as international dance companies — more about those in Mayfest Part II) are countered by events in and by community housing estates or 'Schemes'. Northern Ireland's Charabanc Theatre, for instance, performed its sharp-edged *Gold in the Streets* at the central Mitchell Theatre first, but then went out to Eastfield, Drumchapel and the Gorbals. Trestle Theatre's mime/mask show played in four different community centres. There've been workshop schemes too: Scottish Opera, Scottish Ballet and the new Rotating Dancers did week-long residencies in the Schemes, with presentations at the end. Nor was it all professional work going in, like missionaries, to deprived areas. Two thirds of the work, said Mayfest's Community Organiser, Grace Grant, was local work: the Dolphin Youth Theatre, for instance, and Pollock Community Circus and Half a Cast.

Meanwhile, back on the banks of the Clyde, Constantine is approaching the natives with benign words. A little group perched on a wall sings 'Freedom is come' as a scuffle ensues in the small crowd. 'Oh dear,' says a sack-clad child theatrically, 'He's been shot.' And then, *sotto voce*, 'C'mon, we've gotter get wailing.' To wails, a procession of some 20 adults and (to begin with) a load of kids sets off on its search for the People's History of Govan.

The Govan project is one of the fruits of new prosperity. This year's Mayfest budget has grown significantly with an increase of 30 per cent in its grant from Glasgow District Council. One immediate result was a big increase in Grace Grant's own budget. Last year she had a mere £6,000 to spend on product (and managed magnificently). This year she spent around £30,000.

What were the major problems, I asked one of its organising animateurs (impersonating one of Govan's historical philanthropists — a clearly sanctimonious woman — outside the library she'd endowed). Apathy, she replied, putting it in a nutshell: three or four weeks into the project, she said, most local people didn't want to know — though once it got mentioned on the radio attitudes changed a bit.

Lack of interest is not an unusual problem for the 'community' side of Mayfest's events, where the main work has been to build audiences, not simply over the weeks of performance, but years. Events are seeded, for the most part, in community centres with little history of live entertainment (even a pop group did badly in one venue) and are all too often hit by the apathy that high unemployment brings.

But there are signs of change. Theatre Alba, for example, increased its audiences by 50 per cent between the beginning and end of its week's run. More to the point, centres themselves have been far more involved this year in deciding which groups should come to them. Even better, new groups have started to develop. Half a Cast came together because they thought they could do at least as well as last year's Govan Youth Theatre.

There's vigour to be seen in other places too: at Pennilee's community centre, for instance, where 20 teenagers are sweating their guts out — bright leotards, legwarmers, tee shirts and set expressions — as they thump and prance. It's the factory scene in a growing rock-opera, *The Game of Life*. 'Think robotic!' calls out Liz Ingram of Rotating Dancers. 'You're not at a disco now.' An hour of robots (a very good dance routine, done well) and it's the turn of Scottish Opera's input. The girls sit down to work their way through Philip Taylor's snappy jazz lyrics for the opera. 'What do you say, girls?' Beat. . . beat. . . 'No way! Nothing's coming out of the factory today!' they sing with gusto. A week's work filling in Scottish Opera's skeleton storyline is turning into something that looks like being at least as successful as last year's similar project by Scottish Ballet.

Clydeside pageant, local rock-opera, youth theatre, OAPs mobbing opera singer Bill McCue when he sang in a Glasgow pub one afternoon: it's explorative, growing work — some more successful than others but all part of a festival of enormous, hardly tapped potential. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sexist scenes from office life

Nina Hibbin

IT'S INCREDIBLE what women have to contend with from some of their male associates at work. In the 1970s, when I was first an 'officer' in a regional arts association and then went on to run a large and rapidly expanding film organisation, I came slap up against it. Win some, lose some, as the following examples (with altered names) demonstrate:—

Phone-call from manager of consultancy firm.
He: *Is there anybody there?*
Me: *Yes, I'm here. I'm the director — remember? I asked you to ring.*
He: *But is there anybody there I can speak to?*
Me: *You can speak to me.*
He: *I mean on technical matters.*
Me: *You can speak to me.*
He: *Well, I spoke to the other young lady and she didn't seem to know anything about it . . .*
The 'other young lady' is a temp who has started that day. 'I'm not young and I'm no lady,' I tell the manager — and I prove it with a few choice words.

* * * * * *

From the Regional Secretary of the Boilermakers' Union
To the Director of TSC
For the attention of Miss Hibbin
Dear Sir . . .
From the Director of TSC
To the Regional Secretary of the Boilermakers' Union.
For the attention of Master Knowles
Dear Madam . . .

* * * * * *

I'm invited to be the Chair of a small arts group I've helped to set up. I receive a copy of the draft Articles of Association for amendment.
Letter from me to the group's solicitor
. . . Apart from my own position, women contending for office or trusteeship in the future may well be inhibited by the exclusive 'he' and 'him' language used throughout the draft. Please delete all reference to 'Chairman' and substitute 'Chairperson', and use the he/she and his/her form . . .
Reply to me from group's solicitor
. . . We do not think that 'Chairperson' is an appropriate term for this document. We are, however, prepared to add a rider stating that 'he' or 'him' may be read as 'she' or 'her' . . .
Letter from me to solicitor
. . . I must insist on 'Chairperson'. I am prepared, however to accept a rider, provided that female pronouns (she/her) are used in the Articles. The rider will then state that 'she' or 'her' may be read as 'he' or 'him' . . .
A few weeks later I receive an amended copy, with 'Chairperson', 'he/she' and 'him/her', as originally requested throughout.

* * * * * *

President of the Local Businessman's Club.
He: *. . . We have a monthly luncheon with a speaker. I know you ladies don't go in much for public speaking, but would you like to give it a try?*
Me: *Why me?*
He: *We're having our Ladies Invitation Luncheon next month — you know, the wives come along, too; we feel they deserve a treat once a year. We thought it would be a novelty to have a lady speaker.*
Me: *Don't you ever have women speakers at your men-only do's?*
He: *It wouldn't be quite proper, would it?*

* * * * * *

City Hall. Meeting with the Director of Arts and Leisure. He comes behind me and pinches my bottom.
Me: *Mr Williams — do you do that to my male colleagues when they visit you?*
He: *Good heavens — no! I'm not one of those!*

* * * * * *

I receive an unsolicited 'Dear Sir' letter and brochure about office equipment. As usual, it's all about the 'businessmen' and 'his' interests. I send the letter back with I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH FIRMS THAT ASSUME ALL POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS ARE MEN scrawled across it.
Managing director of the office equipment on the phone (long-distance).
He: *When I received your comment I thought it was some kind of joke. I showed it to my wife for a laugh. But she said you were quite right. In fact she's made me promise to revise all my publicity and letter styles to appeal to both sexes.*
Me: *Good for her — and for you. I'm delighted.*
He: *Fine. Now we've got that out of the way, when may I expect your order?*

* * * * * *

Coffee-making rota on the general office notice-board. Everyone, as agreed at staff meeting, to take a turn.
Me: *Where's the coffee, Gary? It's your turn today.*
He: *Can't one of the girls do it?*
A fortnight later. Gary's turn again.
He: *I've decided not to have coffee any more. Bad for digestion. So you can cross me off the rota.*
A few days later. Joanna's turn.
Gary: *Joanna love, seeing that you've got some coffee over — do you think I might have a drop?*

* * * * * *

Extract from internal job description for proposed post of administrator sent to me for approval by Jim, secretary of a film theatre struggling along with voluntary labour:
. . . He or she (but in this case it would be better to have a 'he') will be expected to . . .
Letter to Jim
. . . As the administrator who has worked her guts out to get you the funding for a full-timer, I take your expressed preference for a man as a personal insult. Unless you delete this notion from the job description — and from your mind — I will withdraw from the project and will advise the sponsors to do so, too . . .
Reply from Jim
Well, well, well! Fancy anyone accusing me, of all people, of being a male chauvinist pig. It so happens that in this particular instance I really did think that a man would be more suitable. However, in deference to your strong opinions . . .
Betty: *(helping me with correspondence): Men! They're all the same. They'll never change. I wonder you bother to try.*

Weekend competition

No 2926 **Set by E. O. Parrott**
Wanted, extracts from detective novels in which two fictional detectives offer different solutions to a crime. Thus, you might have scenes of disagreement between Holmes and Poirot, Father Brown and Peter Wimsey, Miss Marple and Inspector Hound, etc. Max. 120 words by 12 June.

No 2923 **Set by E. O. Parrott**
Mottoes on the lines of 'Abandon hope . . .' for engraving over the portals of contemporary institutions.

Report **By Ernest Oswald fflap**
How delightful to be so abundantly reminded of our readers' linguistic erudition: mottoes in German, Spanish, French, Scots, Latin (*'Ars longa . . .'* featured strongly) and even (ah, Cynthia!) Greek. In the end, however, nearly all of the winners are in English: not, believe me, on account of an old man's xenophobia, but because they were the most adroit. Two sovereigns each for their authors.

London Residuary Body: Still Serving London Right.
FRANK DUNNILL

Inland Revenue: Beware of False Profits.
WILL BELLENGER

The House of Lords: Our Little Life Is Rounded with a Sleep.
WATSON WEEKS

Crufts: Out Damn Spot!
R. J. PICKLES

Family Planning Association: If the Cap Fits, Wear It.
RON RUBIN

Lords Cricket Ground: Keep off the Grass.
D. E. POOLE

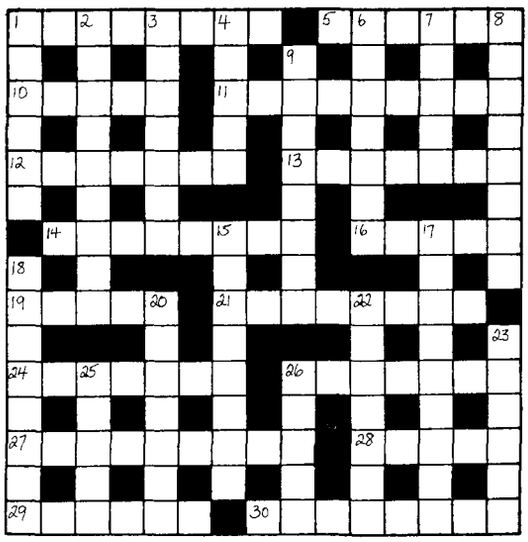
NASA: Per Ardua ad Disastra.
MOLLY FITTON

Tory Party HQ: Help!
NAOMI MARKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1520

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1520, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 10 June.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

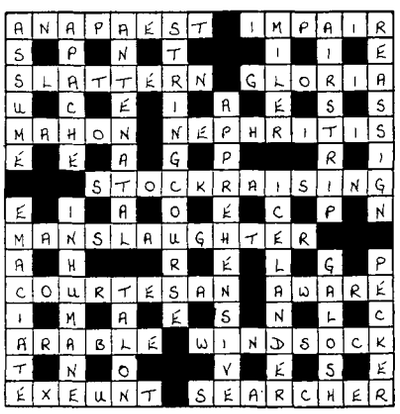
1 Game of which a big brace may be supplied (8)
5 An angelic creature, she is carried by a child (6)
10 No transport returns for Francis (5)
11 A lot of trees cut down with assistance as previously mentioned (9)
12 Pull fruit as something to take on holiday (7)
13 Get on inside until the present rain stops (7)
14 Weapons needed when there is anger in the countryside (8)
16 The point of being a visitor if one hasn't a man (5)
19 If caught these birds would become gaol-birds (5)
21 Discouraging independence or unusually hot on the party vote (8)
24 Drink finally makes a woman gamble (7)
26 Concerned with love for a mother taking precedence over party (7)
27 Plant as an ancient right held by a deity (9)
28 I make a point about one being a fool (5)
29 To speak without a word of abuse is sound common sense (6)
30 The beast is about to catch a woman (8)

DOWN

1 Blue without a pistol would become a graduate (6)
2 Faulty cognition is unknown (9)
3 Strip for the doctor (7)
4 Open space used by big lad every time he goes to school (5)
6 Man with a broken plate and something left in the glass (7)
7 Lasso with a tear in it (5)
8 The expert comes up in time for the talk (8)
9 Here a few take the lead and the rest are muddled (8)
15 Cocks seen when a duck enters the lists (8)
17 The record is in nothing connected with mountain climbing, but he is an expert on mountains (9)
18 Papers containing period forecasts (8)
20 Overturn, as when a vehicle reverses at green (7)
22 The speech includes nothing on the fixed allowance (7)
23 She shows this person holding a score up on the left (6)
25 One girl using two measures (5)
26 Summer creature (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1518



Prizewinner to 1518

Miss C. Freeman (Malvern, Worcs.)

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: *£8.50 per cm* + VAT
Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: *35p* per word + VAT, *min 12 words*

HEARTSEARCH PURSUITS *£5.75* for *25* words incl. box number & VAT. Extra words *30p* each (incl VAT). Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally *11am Tues.* for *Fri.*

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD'
Call *David Jones 01-251 5487*

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

CATALOGUE 111 in preparation. Contains B. Russell, G. Orwell: ILP material; Socialist & Left Wing Books & Periodicals etc. Edna Whiteson Ltd, 66 Belmont Avenue, Cockfosters, Herts EN4 9LA. Tel. 01-449 8860. N22.1

CENTRE FOR RESEARCH IN ETHNIC RELATIONS. Write or phone for full publications list to: C. Wellington, Ref. NST/2, CRER, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL. Tel. 0203 523523 ext. 2970. N18.2

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49.24

ACCOM. VACANT

N4. TWO ROOMS plus kitchen, share bathroom with owner of large, Victorian house. £70 p.w. inclusive. Tel: 01-272 7043. N22.9

TO LET: Yorks Dales, stone cottage on Pennine Way, in hamlet with interesting socialist history. From £50. Tel. 0509 215898. N22.10

ACC. WANTED

ACADEMIC MALE seeks London flat, 4-19 July. Box (22)3097. N22.7

ENGLISH MEDICAL family with well-behaved 2-year-old on year's sabbatical from USA, seeks 2-3 bed. house/flat Central London, to rent/house-sit October '86 to August '87. Excellent upkeep guaranteed. Dr A. Howard, 747 Forest St, Denver, Colorado 80220, USA. Tel. (303) 320 1629. N22.8

GENERAL SERVICES

CONFIDENTIAL REMAILS / postcards / forwarding and holding service through the USA. For more information send s.a.e. to SecurMail, P.O. Box 753, Greensboro, N.C. 27402, USA. N22.5

QUALITY TYPING English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617. N49.27

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489. N49.28

WORD PROCESSING (some languages) at very competitive rates. Fast and accurate. URGENT WORK UNDERTAKEN. 01-883 2170. N21.7

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49.39

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk *Sunday 1 June 8 p.m. 'Sleep and Dreams'*. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N22.4

FIFTEENTH CHORLEY LECTURE. Professor Hein Kötz will lecture on ' "Codes Are No Monsters": Perceptions of the Codification Process' on Wednesday 4 June at 5.30 p.m. in the Founders' Room, London School of Economics. Admission free without ticket. N22.3

SEMINARS

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday 3 June, 5 p.m.
Dr Milan Hauner (Madison, Wis.)
Mackinder, Haushofer, and the Russians
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
Faculty of Languages
Lecturer in Chinese (L11)

Applications are invited for a temporary post for the academic year 1986-87 to teach **Chinese Language (Putonghua)** and modern **Chinese literature** on the full-time and part-time **BA Courses**. The appointee will also be required to share the administrative work within the section. Candidates are required to have a high degree of competence in Chinese and research interests would be welcome.

Salary Scale: **£9,114-£13,983** inclusive.

Application forms and further particulars are available from **The Personnel Office, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL,** to be returned by **23 June 1986.**

PCL IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

ADMINISTRATOR

The Fabian Society requires a full-time Administrator to be responsible for:

- ★ *organising schools, conferences and seminars;*
- ★ *editing Fabian News and Fabian Conference News;*
- ★ *sharing in general office duties such as correspondence and administration.*

Salary on a scale **£8,750-£11,500,** according to age and experience. **Six weeks' holiday.**

For further details, write to: **John Willman, General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1H 9BN. Tel. 01-222 8877.**

Closing date for applications: **Monday 16 June 1986.**

CITY SELECTION
157-159 Whitecross Street
London EC1Y 8JL
01-253 0055

We have many opportunities for secretaries/PAs, WPs, clerks and receptionists in a wide variety of interesting jobs — both temp and perm.
PAYMENT SAME WEEK!

asms **requires a**

RESEARCHER

to be based at the Health and Safety Office at Whitehall College, Bishops Stortford. The successful applicant will be expected to research material and prepare guidance for members on all aspects of health and safety at work.

Applicants must have a relevant scientific background and experience of trade union work in the health and safety field would be an advantage.

Salary: £9,118 p.a. rising to **£9,283** after one year's service, **34 hour week** and **32 days annual holiday.**

Further details and an application form may be obtained from:

JUDITH CHURCH, Health & Safety Officer, ASTMS Whitehall College, Dane O'Coys Road, Bishops Stortford, Herts. Telephone: (0279) 58111

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms: **18 June 1986.**

NATIONAL UNILEVER MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION

Appointment of

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS OFFICER

NUMA *is an independent trade union representing management grade employees.*

The successful applicant will be expected to provide an industrial relations service to the membership, including representing the Association and individual members at operating company level acting as the principal point of contact between over thirty branches and the Executive Committee.

Applicants must be conversant with current employment law and industrial relations practices in a "white collar" environment, preferably with experience of direct negotiations.

The appointment is based in Birmingham but travel throughout the UK is to be anticipated. Salary dependent on qualifications and experience, on scale from **£9,700-£14,700.**

Please apply enclosing c.v. to Mr F. J. Allen, General Secretary, NUMA, New Street Chambers, 67a New Street, Birmingham, B2 4DU.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

ANTARCTICA. Places available now to visit the unspoilt Continent. Nov./March tours. For details ring ISIS TRAVEL, Romford. 0708 22722. N21.9

EASTER ISLAND/ANDES. Discover their majesty and ancient splendour. Tours 15 & 21 nights. Phone ISIS TRAVEL, Romford. 0708 22722 for details. N21.10

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49.30

WEST CUMBRIAN sheep farm, old fashioned caravan, sleeps 4-5, £30 p.w. Tel: Egremont 821 585. N22.2

IRKUTSA & LAKE BAIKAL £325
22 July-8 August By sleeper train
MOSCOW £199 Travel by sleeper train
11 day holidays by train, starting every **Tuesday** from **24 June** to **16 September**. Hotel provides full board and programme. Free entry to the Kremlin, all museums and the Exhibition of Scientific Achievement.
PRAGUE £170
26 July-3 August, 16-24 August
MOSCOW & VOLGOGRAD £260
16-28 September
BUDAPEST CITY £165
Dates as Moscow. Excursions to Heroes Square, Castle, Liberation Memorial, Roman City, Margaret Island, Zoo, Agricultural Museum and Opera.
Holidays also to Leningrad, Prague, Venice, Verona, E. Germany, Sochi, Tashkent, Volgograd and Algeria. Please state country required.

INTOURIST GUARANTEES THE SAFETY OF OUR RUSSIAN HOLIDAYS

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Tel: 0484 24269

PERSONAL

THE ALEXANDER INSTITUTE, 16 Balderton Street, W1. Tel: 01-629 6183. N21.3

PURSUITS

HANDSOME MALE professional graduate, 30s, would like to meet attractive couple, for friendship and weekends in London. Box (22)3103. N22.6

HEARTSEARCH

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-435 4374. N49.19

ATTRACTIVE FILIPINA LADIES seek correspondence, with gentleman of all ages for friendship/marriage. Details: Filipina Match Club, P.O. Box 284, West Byfleet, Surrey KT14 7TT. Tel. 09323 40904. N21.13

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL lady, 36, 5' 8", cultured interests, sense of humour and interest in psychotherapy, would like to meet a kind, sensitive, successful man (33-45), whose outlook is broad, educated and discerning, and who may be interested in starting a family. Please write and send photo if possible. London area. Box (22)3086. N22.11

CREATIVE, SEPARATED lady, grown-up family, professional, used to government life abroad and all its diplomacy. Looking for friendship with a kind, organised, sensitive, tall man. Box (22)3092. N22.30

CONTINENTAL MALE, late 30s, tall, non-smoker, wishes to meet younger female. Sense of humour appreciated, but not essential. London. Box (22)3084. N22.12

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER/writer, attractive, 40s, tall, loving, socialist, son of 8; likes cinema, good food, wine, music, seeks fascinating, tall, non-sexist, solvent man o.n.o. London. Box (22)3079. N22.13

GENTLEMAN, YOUNG over sixty, resident Hampstead/Paddington area, seeks lady friend for non-platonic friendship. Interested in languages and light music. Box (22)3081. N22.14

GREGARIOUS, VIVACIOUS, fit female, interests: theatre, books, cinema, outdoor activities, travel, invites interesting, humorous males to communicate. Age 56-66. Significant relationship desired. Box (22)3080. N22.15

GOING SOLO? Make new friends with CLAN, London wide social club for unattached professional people, 35 plus. Interesting events, varied venues. Free initial membership. Box (22)2948. N22.16

INDEPENDENT, INTELLIGENT, attractive divorcee, 42, seeks matching man for summer sport and challenging relationship. London/Surrey. Box (22)3082. N22.17

HEARTSEARCH CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Reminder!!! Box Replies

When answering more than one advertisement ONLY stamp the postal envelope NOT the individual replies — send them please to:
Box . . . . . .
New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane,
LONDON EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARTSEARCH

Cont'd from p.37

LOVELY LADY, 45, is sure that an equally lovely man, is somewhere waiting to meet her. If you're tall, non-smoking and looking for a happy summer — maybe winter too — please write! Box (22)3077. N22.18

MALE GRADUATE, 32, non-smoker, lively and humorous, would like to meet uninhibited, attractive woman, 25-40, for unpossessive, sensual fun and friendship. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box (22)3102. N22.19

MALE TEACHER, 32, sociable, successful, solvent, seeks woman for frequent and lengthy cuddles and holidays, and equal caring, lasting relationship. London based. Box(22)3083. N22.20

MATURE, VIRILE male, tall cosmopolitan, civilised (just), dominant and demanding, seeks young, slim, submissive companion (m/f). West country or near striking distance. Anyone out there? Box (22)3053. N21.22

NON-COMPETITIVE, honest but witty, intellectual woman in 30s, would like to meet thoughtful, even-tempered man, to enjoy good things with. Pennine area. Box (22)3093. N22.21

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 57, unattached, fit, energetic, sensuous, intellectual, left-wing, fed up with men, seeks kindred woman, new life style, humour, caring, travel. North. Box (22)3099. N22.22

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, German-born, young 58, widowed 1985, seeks new friends, hopes for one special friend. Keen on reading, music, theatre, walking. Box (22)3078. N22.23

SELECT FRIENDS the Introduction Agency that interviews the people you will meet. Further information: Select Friends, 58 Maddox St, London W1. 01-493 9937. N1.1

SHEFFIELD MALE socialist — activist, with a Jewish background, seeks female friendship, to share varied interests from cycling to cooking, to Indian classical music and dance. Box (21)3034. N21.24

SHORT AND SWEET! Bachelor (48), slim, fit, 5' 4", interested walking, squash, bird-watching, theatre, seeks similarly inclined sensitive female, 35-45, for lasting relationship. S. London/Kent. Box (22)3087. N22.24

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR (sans turban!) seeks Jean-Paul Sartre (over 50). London. Box (20)3027. N20.33

SLIGHTLY UNUSUAL, professional woman, 35, busy, mostly happy, wide interests, seeks warm, lively, 'new age' man whose mind, body and spirit are connected. No husbands. London. Box (22)3105. N22.25

TWO'S COMPANY: Three's a Crowd. Not always. English bachelor (male, youngish 45, own house), seeks two others (female). View to forming a friendship of three. Box (21)3039. N21.26

UNATTACHED, PROFESSIONAL MAN seeks permanent, caring relationship with intelligent, *articulate, not unattractive,* professional/academic woman, mid-late 30s, interested in music, theatre, travel, sport and perhaps wondering whether a late family might not be a good idea after all. London area. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box (22)3091. N22.26

UNWAGED, SOLVENT male (39), in absolute terms probably eccentric. Wide ranging interests, seeking non casuist female partner, humour essential, for mutual growth. Box (22)3090. N22.27

WAGNER'S RING, Birmingham, November. Would a 5' 3" (or under) London/SE lady, like to go with a 50-year-old man? Box (22)3085. N22.28

WIDOWER, UNATTACHED, early sixties, but youthful outlook, seeks sincere, intelligent, good-natured lady, for permanent, caring relationship. Preferably non-smoker. Box (22)3069. N21.32

WEST CAMBS: *attractive, professional* woman, divorced, busy working/home life, seeks compatible, non-smoking male to revitalise precious leisure time (arts, countryside, entertaining, home-making). Pen-picture including age, status. Box (22)3110. N22.29

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

Heartsearch & Pursuits

£5.75

for 25 words including Box no & VAT
(extra words at 35p)

You can dictate-an-ad up to 11 a.m. Tuesdays, or complete the coupon below

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name: _____

Address _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____

Or charge my Access/Visa/American Express

Card number: _____

AD for PURSUITS ☐ /HEARTSEARCH ☐ **(please tick)**

Post Coupon to: **Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

AGENDA

SAT 31 MAY

LINKS EUROPA. AGM and discussion: TRANSNATIONALS — INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL INITIATIVES? 12 noon, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. Org: International Foundation LINKS EUROPA, UK Group (05827) 5399.

TRESSELL THE TEACHER, Tony Benn, 3pm, Falaise Hall, Hastings. £1 waged, 50p unwaged. Tickets from Audrey Smith, 121 St Helens Road, Hastings. Tel: 442327. Org. by WEA.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY CONFERENCE
Realignment: Popular Frontism or Empowering the Powerless? Current Strategies and Historical Perspectives.
Sat 31 May. 10.30am.
Unemployed Centre, Tilbury Place, Brighton.
Speakers include: John Palmer, Hilary Wainwright, Sian Reynolds Alun Howkins and others.
£2/£1 unwaged.
Creche, pre-registration and details: John Gurney, 24b Charles St., Brighton.

FRI 6 JUNE

FILM: "SPEAKING OUR PEACE." 6-8pm at the Century Preview Theatre, 31 Soho Square, W1. £3.50/£2.50. Speakers: Bonnie Klein (Director), Jill Craigie and Greenham Women speaker.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND. CHILDREN'S INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION. 11am-11pm Chingford Assembly Hall, Station Road, E4. (By B.R. from Liverpool St to Chingford). With the support of musicians, singers, dancers and special guests. Bar, Refreshments, Prizes. Details from: Maureen Robinson, 01-529 2902.

SAT 7 JUNE

WOMEN FROM NICARAGUA'S Atlantic Coast will be speaking on the current situation in Nicaragua and in particular on the Atlantic coast. 2.30pm at the London Women's Centre, 70 Great Queen Street, WC2. Org by the Women's Network of Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign.

WED 11 JUNE

READINGS AT SISTERWRITE, 190 Upper Street, London N1. Barbara Burford will read from her new Sheba book, *The Threshing Floor and Other Stories.* Barbara is undoubtedly one of the most impressive British Black writers today. All Women Welcome. Admission free, childcare fund *contributions appreciated. Wheelchair access.* Details: 01-226 9782.

SAT 28 JUNE

DIVIDED BRITAIN: A Challenge for the Labour Movement. Conference organised by the **Child Poverty Action Group.** 10am-4pm, University of London Union, Malet Street, London WC1. Speakers include: Rodney Bickerstaffe (NUPE), *Margaret Prosser (TGWU), John Smith MP and Jo* Richardson MP. Tickets (£6 waged/£2 unwaged) and full details from: Sarah Hart, CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2B 5NH.

PUBLICATIONS

BLACK PARENTS
Read Black Parents and find out for yourself how the racist media is rioting against Black People.
£1 per issue. Subscriptions: £5 individuals; £10 organisations.
Black Parents, 8 Camberwell Green, London SE5.

ACTION FOR BENEFITS
New leaflets available on the governments attacks on the Welfare State.
**Low Paid Workers*
**The Social Fund*
**General leaflets*
**Working People*
**Young People*
**Housing Benefit*
**Supplementary Benefit*
Cost 2p for unfunded groups, 5p for trade unions, councils and funded organisations. ORDERS and MORE DETAILS from:
Action for Benefits, LMS, 8 Bradbury St, LONDON, N16.

The Pleasure Tendency

"One question permeates the air like solid substance: something better now, or this forever ?"

All current publications **free** with 50p in stamps to:
The Pleasure Tendency, P.O. Box 109, Leeds LS5 3AA

Marxism Today

JUNE ISSUE

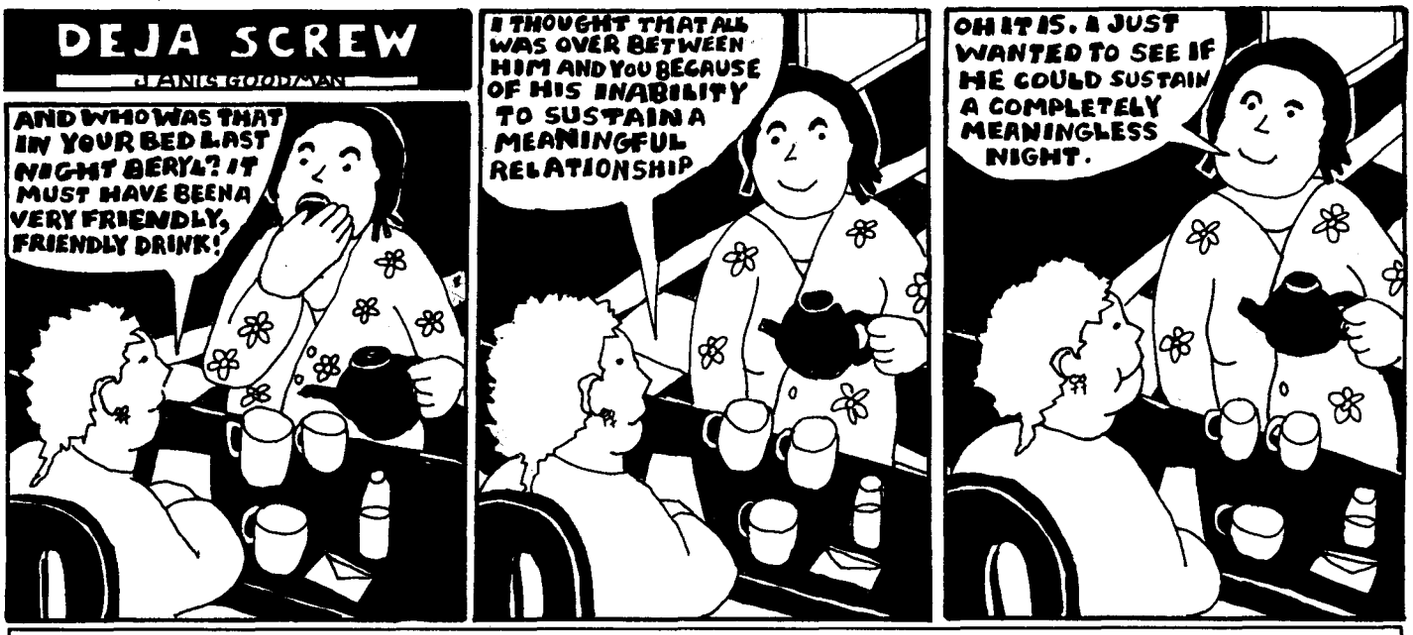
Chernobyl Fallout:
ZHORES MEDVEDEV—*SOVIET POWER FAILURES*
TONY HALL—*NUCLEAR CLOUD OVER BRITAIN*
One World: Interview with Glenys Kinnock and Joan Ruddock
Brian Simon: The Crisis of Education
Simon Frith and **John Street** on Red Wedge
Also: Local Elections—*Simone de Beauvoir*—Crime

■ ■ ON SALE NOW — 85p ■ ■

Or £10.20 (£19 overseas) for 12 mos. subscription to: *MT Subs, 16 St John St, London EC1M 4AY*

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, London SE1
Printed by Spottiswoode Ballantyne Printers Ltd, Colchester & Benham & Co Ltd, Colchester.
Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


DEJA SCREW
JANIS GOODMAN
AND WHO WAS THAT IN YOUR BED LAST NIGHT BERYL? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY FRIENDLY, FRIENDLY DRINK!
I THOUGHT THAT ALL WAS OVER BETWEEN HIM AND YOU BECAUSE OF HIS INABILITY TO SUSTAIN A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP
OH IT IS. I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF HE COULD SUSTAIN A COMPLETELY MEANINGLESS NIGHT.

CHESS

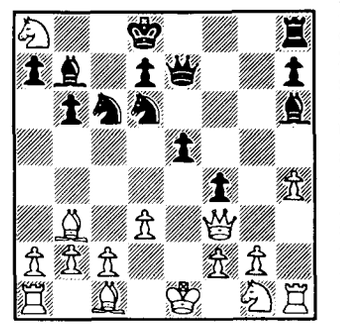
JON SPEELMAN, the current British champion, is one of the most powerful and original GMs in the world. The weakness in his chess persona is that when inspiration deserts him his lack of a basic routine of stock schemes shows up, and so he periodically goes into creative crisis. That would be fatal for most masters, but Speelman in the dumps is still very hard to beat because he spots tactical chances so quickly.

The challenge match, sponsored by Kleinwort Grieveson, against US champion Lev Alburt provided ideal conditions for trying out new ideas. Since Alburt was ready to respond in the same spirit, the games of the match have been lively, though the effort of working on the frontiers resulted in quite a few inaccuracies from both players. The fifth game was a good example:

Speelman-Alburt, London, 19 May 1986. Blumenfeld Counter-Gambit.
1. d4 Nf6 2. Nf3 e6 3. c4 c5 4. d5 b5 5. Bg5 Qa5+ 6. Nbd2 Be7 This seems to be a TN (new move). Against 6 . . . Ne4 Speelman intended 7. b4!. **7. dxe6 fxe6 8. cxb5 a6** If 8 . . . Qxb5 9. e4 is promising for White, but 8 . . . d5 seems more thematic for the Blumenfeld. **9. e4 Nxe4?** Better 9 . . . axb5. Alburt is missing something. **10. Bxe7 Kxe7 11. Qc2! d5** A confession that 11 . . . Nxd2 fails to 12. Qxc5+ d6 13. Qg5+. **12. Bd3 Nxd2 13. Qxc5+ Kf7 14. Ne5+?** Simply 14. Nxd2 would have left Black in a very unpleasant position. **Kf6 15. b4 Ne4!** The saving resource. White had only reckoned with 15 . . . Nb3 16. Qc3! and 15 . . . Qd8 16. Qd4!. But now 16. Qd4 Qc7 defends adequately. **16. Ng4+ Kf7 17. Bxe4 Qxb5 18. Ne5+ Kf6 19. Ng4+ Kf7 20. Ne5+ ½-½.** Drawn by perpetual check, since 19 . . . Kg5 would obviously be suicidal. Thanks to Jon Speelman for giving me the gist of the notes over the phone the evening the game was played, with only the mildest expression of disappointment at having let the whole point slip away.

Of course, Speelman is not to be confused with Spielmann. Rudolf Spielmann (1883-1942) was an Austrian master famed for his brilliant combinative play and love of old-fashioned openings like the Vienna Game and King's Gambit. Even in his heyday, 60 years ago, he was looked upon by his peers as a relic of the 19th century. The tolerant, eclectic approach of the present day might be more receptive to Spielmann's 'Sleeping Beauty' image of the Vienna Game, which lives on 'in a charmed box, and awaits the moment when it will be awakened'.

A new book from Batsford, *Vienna Game* by Konstantinopolsky and Lepeshkin, tries to kiss the old princess into action. A crucial claim in the revival effort is that **1. e4 e5 2. Nc3 Nf6 3. Bc4 Nxe4,** which even Spielmann conceded was fine for Black, actually favours White. The grounds for the claim are highly involved, the main theoretical line go-



ing: **4. Qh5 Nd6 5. Bb3 Nc6 6. Nb5 g6 7. Qf3 f5 8. Qd5 Qe7 9. Nxc7+ Kd8 10. Nxa8 b6 11. d3 Bb7 12. h4 f4 13. Qf3 Bh6.**

For the moment White is a whole rook up, but he faces a fierce attack. Konstantinopolsky and Lepeshkin recommend **14. Bd2** as the prince's kiss, an improvement on the previous tries 14. Qg4, 14. Bd5 and 14. Ne2. It's just a little developing move, but in face of Black's threat to charge through the centre with . . . Nd4 and . . . e4 it would be a startling triumph for the motto 'Don't panic' if White could really get an advantage this way. But is it so good? Confidence is shaken by the variation **14 . . . Nd4 15. Qg4 e4 16. 0-0-0 e3 17. fxe3 Nxb3+ 18. axb3 fxe3 19. Be1 e2+ 20. Rd2 Bxa8 21. Nxe2 Re8 22. Nf4 Qe3 23. Rf1** when K & L say 'White has the better chances'. Eric Schiller, who translated the book from the Russian laconically appends **'23 . . . Bxf4!?'**, which in fact knocks the princess back into the glass coffin and puts on an airtight seal. Fortunately K & L also mention **21. Nf3**, a much more promising idea than the capture on e2. So there is still hope of a fresh lease of life for the Vienna Game.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Books & Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan, Karin Jensen; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed (On postcards please.)

☐ Security was so tight at Perth that a Tory lady, sweeping in on a cloud of Chanel No 5, set off the explosive-sniffing device which had to be taken temporarily out of service. — *Sunday Post* (George Moor)

☐ A street mugging ended with a new twist yesterday when the victim's stolen wallet was returned intact. The victim was continuing his walk home when the muggers caught up with him, returned his wallet and said: 'Sorry mate, wrong bloke.' — *Guardian* (Bertha Williams)

☐ Mr Viner recently attended a lecture by a human dentist who had fitted crowns to a rabbit. — *Times* (Michael Bourdeaux)

☐ War-hardened veterans amongst their photographic staff who have been in Belfast and Beirut are refusing to go on assignments in case they are assaulted by the Metropolitan Police. — *UK Press Gazette* (S. Langley)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FRESH, OFFBEAT AND TOTALLY ORIGINAL. REFRESHES THE PARTS THAT OTHER MOVIES CANNOT REACH." — THE GUARDIAN, Derek Malcolm

WHEN IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR LOVE, LAUGHTER AND TROUBLE, THEY'LL ALL FIND YOU.

A MARTIN SCORSESE PICTURE

After Hours

15

THE GEFFEN COMPANY PRESENTS
A DOUBLE PLAY PRODUCTION • AFTER HOURS
ROSANNA ARQUETTE • VERNA BLOOM
THOMAS CHONG • GRIFFIN DUNNE
LINDA FIORENTINO • TERI GARR • JOHN HEARD
RICHARD CHEECH MARIN • CATHERINE O'HARA
PRODUCTION DESIGNER JEFFREY TOWNSEND
MUSIC BY HOWARD SHORE
EDITED BY THELMA SCHOONMAKER
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL BALLHAUS
WRITTEN BY JOSEPH MINION
PRODUCED BY AMY ROBINSON,
GRIFFIN DUNNE AND ROBERT F. COLESBERRY
DIRECTED BY MARTIN SCORSESE

A GEFFEN COMPANY RELEASE
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS
A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY
RELEASED BY COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER DISTRIBUTORS
1986 THE GEFFEN FILM COMPANY All Rights Reserved

NOW SHOWING

WARNER WEST END
LEICESTER SQUARE • 439 0791

GATE CINEMA
NOTTING HILL • 727 5750

SCREEN ON THE GREEN
ISLINGTON • 226 3520

RENOIR
RUSSELL SQUARE TUBE
837 8402
(Formally GATE Bloomsbury)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED